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THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL,

AND

MAGAZINE OF ARTS.

NEW SERIES.]

JANUARY, 1838.

[Vol. 3.—No 1

47

B. R. CARROLL, EDITOR,
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[VOL. 3.—No. 1.

DOMESTIC IMPROVEMENTS.

———"Behold
Where on the *Ægean* shore, a city stands,
Built nobly. Pure the air and light the soil—
Athens, the eye of Greece.

OUR city is not on the *Ægean* shore, nor is it very nobly built, whatever the promise of future prospects may be; but the site is not less noble than that of Athens, the air is as pure, the soil as light, and it may truly be entitled, without disparagement to any other worthy sister, the very eye of the South. This caption, therefore, that we have employed, and which might seem, under other circumstances, a narrow and circumscribed one, will, we trust, commend what we have to say to all classes of our readers, wherever our Magazine may reach them, whether on the banks of the Congaree, the rolling Chatahoochie, or the sinuous and turbid Mississippi. They will all, we are sure, present and remote, be pleased to learn from us, that our—may we not say their?—venerable city has at length awakened from her long slumbers, and is about to take a proper and becoming attitude among her neighbors. There is evidently a stir—from what cause we pretend not to say—among all classes of our people. Men are springing up, as if from a long sleep, surprised to find their armor grown rusty, mortified at the shame and exposure, and seemingly determined to burnish it up afresh, and take to their standards with vigor and resolve. Old things are

* And is not Charleston the maternal city of the South, from Hatteras to the Bay of Biloxi—the frontier city, for many lustres, of the Anglo-American settlements, which gave character to all that region, and concentrated within herself the hard won glories of its early history. She supplied the resources; led the enterprises, furnished the mind, and freely gave her sons, year after year, and war after war, to the whole South, for several hundred miles around her. Her volunteers were always ready for the help of her sisters, whether it were North-Carolina or Georgia, that stood in danger from the savages, from the no less savage Spaniards that armed them, the French, and the Cubans. The history of Charleston alone, her enterprises, her wars, her defeats and victories, would be a most interesting history; and would be read with pride, as the history of a parent stock, to the remotest regions of the great South-Western Valley. Why should it not be written?

rapidly passing away—old habits at least—and all things are becoming new. The inveterate apathies which so long have brooded with wings of fog over our altars and institutions, have been startled, like drowsy owls, in an exposed hollow, by a sudden burst of sun-light. The “obscene birds” have evidently taken the alarm, and the fluttering of their wings would seem to denote some real occasion for their apprehensions. They are on their flight, and we cordially wish them a speedy progress to a more congenial climate.

We have been dull long enough in Charleston. It is high time for renovation. This renovation is no less natural, and to be looked for, than the apathy which it supersedes. Let us then avail ourselves of it. Change is the life of nature; and the alternate seasons of depression and activity belong to communities not less than to the individuals who compose them. We may look for these alternations with as much certainty of calculation as we look for the comets; it will be for us—as the power is within us—to declare how long the several periods of slumber and awakening shall last.

We have said already, that the days of our awakening had dawned upon us. We see it in all faces, and in all things, that meet our eye. In the bustle and increased animation of our people—in the crowded thoroughfare—in the enlarged plans of improvement adopted among the authorities, and in the increasing attention which our citizens now pay to the architecture of their dwellings. Every day sees some old hulk of a hovel go down, and some graceful and airy fabric spring up in its place. In this particular, great was the need of improvement. Our community, deriving most of its habits and impressions from the agricultural influences of the country, paid more regard to the graces of individual manner, and individual hospitality, than to the dwelling in which it lived. The Carolina gentleman gave his guest the freedom of his fireside, and a noble dinner; though the chair was wheeled beside a clay chimney, and the ham and turkey smoked for him in a log house. There was a charm in all this, yet it had its disadvantages. Individuality of character, which produces loftiness of feeling, high spirit, and the keenest sense of honor, is yet apt to be associated with a general indifference to all those matters which tend to the mere decoration of a city. We are not a national people, and, under existing circumstances, we cannot very rapidly become so. Our references now, however, are to moral, and not political influences. Let us not be mistaken, therefore. The possession of an inferior population, and of various castes, makes us, to a certain extent, an aristocracy. Our manners are decidedly those of an

aristocracy—they could not well, and we would not wish them to be, otherwise. They may not be considered the most wholesome or favorable to the growth of democratic institutions, but they are not inconsistent with a certain and sufficient measure of democracy. They should not be inconsistent with so much of it, as would tend to make us more compact within ourselves; nor should they conflict with a proper ambition to make our citizens prosperous on all hands, and our city lovely to the eye.

Such seems to be the persuasion at the present moment. The spirit of improvement seems really to be abroad—its muscle and sinew, certainly, are almost as active now as we could wish them. The clink of the hammer, and the grating of the saw, may be heard at every corner; and not to speak of the private mansions of those, who have begun wisely the work of reform at their own doors, we may take in half a dozen noble public buildings in course of erection, at a single glance of the eye. The new Hotel, particularly when approached from the sea, is an imposing and fine edifice. It is five stories in height, and will probably accommodate a couple of hundred or more persons. The colonnade front, in spite of its ranging uniformity, is a pleasing and commanding prospect. A few hundred yards below, in the same street, but on the opposite side, the new city Theatre appears; and we warm, at its sight, with memories of what the Theatre of Charleston was in the early day of the American Drama. Perhaps no city in the Union stood so high in the matter of dramatic taste in the days of Holman, and in the prime of Cooper. It was then a pleasure to be within the walls of our Theatre, if only to behold the beauty of the dress circle, and to admire that exquisite propriety of deportment which has long been the boast, and which, we trust, may long be the possession, of Carolinians. The influence of our agricultural habits and education—particularly that of the low country planting aristocracy—that noble old race which was sent to Europe for an education—was plainly visible on such occasions. There was no violence, no bullying, no brutality, then, and there; but the deportment of old and young was such as it would have been in a ball room. A gentleman did not dream of sitting with hat on in a box with ladies—still less did he think of clamorously applauding, or censuring, with tongue or hand, in such a situation. The order of the audience was happily reflected back from the stage—the actors in those days assiduously seeking to maintain the proprieties, as well of gentlemen as of their parts; and suffering in Coventry if they did not. We trust that the same influ-

ences are still prevalent among us, and that they will not fail once more to restore us the ancient glories of the dramatic Muse, and the reign of a proper taste, in this her new and beautiful edifice.

To the Hotel and Theatre, we may add the Masonic Hall, which is in progress in the same neighborhood. The plan of this structure we have not seen, but the basement story promises well for that which is to arise upon it. A noble design, drawn by a foreign artist, has also been selected for a new Hibernian Hall, which is shortly to be raised, and which would prove an ornament to any city in the Union. These are among the more obvious and imposing of our public works in progress. There are others, more or less in a state of forwardness. The advantage of having a popular Architect in our city, was never more obvious than now. Mr. Reichardt, a German, a gentleman of fine taste, education and industry—he who furnished the designs for the Hotel and Theatre—has also provided others, for private and public purposes, of no less graceful and imposing character; and we are happy to have seen the plan, among others in his possession, of a spire to the Circular Church, which does him honor, and will fitly ornament that temple. The inability of those who raised the Church, to finish the steeple according to the vastness of their original plan—they not having been of that class of prudent citizens who cut their garments according to their cloth—has been long a subject of discomfiture and disquiet among them. The banter is old against them. There was even a street ditty in former days about it, which most of our citizens will recollect, and which happily sneered at the

———“Christian people,
Who built a Church in Meeting-street,
And could’nt raise the steeple.”

The reproach was rather to a social, than a Christian people; and Mr. Reichardt will soon enable them to defy the satirist, and blunt the severity of his rhyme. To look around the rooms of this gentleman, and see the various and always beautiful designs, which he has furnished for public and private buildings, begun, and yet to be begun, in sundry places, and we cannot but rejoice in the conviction that our venerable city has in truth arisen from a long slumber, with a degree of strength and energy, in fair proportion to the length of her nap, and the time she has had for gaining vigor upon it. It has certainly refreshed her very much.

Something of this new born vigor is confessedly owing to our city authorities, which have wisely, without meanly heed-

ing the cost, carried out the general desire of the citizens for improvement. The making of the Mayor a salaried officer, was, in truth, giving him to understand that specific duties were expected at his hands. Mr. Hayne may be said to have gone through an excellent course of preparation and practice while Mayor of Charleston, during the past year, for the heavier, yet less various duties, consequent upon his present station, as first officer of the great Western and Southern Rail Road. Something of our local improvements in Charleston may be ascribed, by the way, to the large anticipations which are entertained of the influence of this road upon its prosperity. Mr. Pinckney, the present Mayor, appears to prosecute his duties with becoming energy and promptness. The grading, gravelling, paving, and cleansing of the streets, are every where in progress. Too much money cannot be expended on these objects, since nothing else can so well contribute to render permanent and complete the health of our city, which must, if we are true to ourselves, occupy, for all successive ages, a leading position in all the concerns of the South. Our drains, as a most essential part of the system, should be made to extend, wherever it is practicable, from Ashley to Cooper Rivers; and skilful Engineers should be employed, to see that they are planned with proper levels, so as to be cleansed with every returning tide. Neptune himself will be our best scavenger, if we only give him freedom to come and go when he pleases.

In the progress of their plans of improvement, the city authorities have deemed it advisable to cut down and destroy the fine shade trees which adorned our side walks, and furnished a shelter so grateful to the citizen in the oppressive heats of the summer. The reasons given for this destruction of objects, so endeared to us by long use and a seeming necessity—not to speak of the beauty of the tree itself—the *Pride of India*,—which had been commonly employed,—are, we doubt not, satisfactory enough; and we are willing to believe that the city itself seems to be thrown more open, and is certainly more enlivened, to the eye. Perhaps, too, these trees contributed greatly to the general moisture of our atmosphere. But, while coinciding in the necessity of their removal, we would beg leave to remind our venerable fathers in Council, of a principle which the practical philosopher will do well to bear in mind always—namely, when removing that, which, time out of mind, has been deemed necessary, and is supposed to have its uses, *always to provide its substitute*. The very existence of a thing suggests a presumption of its utility. These trees were valuable in our climate, at one protracted

and perilous season of the year, for the shade they gave us. Tottering age found them grateful in the noontide sun; the boy hurrying from school; the infant in the arms of its nurse; the laborer overcome with toil—to all these, the poor in particular, their shelter was a blessing scarcely less grateful than the eye of the fountain amid the burning sands of the desert. They cannot be utterly dispensed with—their uses were too valuable to our people, and, without them, we may have many apoplectics, from whom their shelter would otherwise avert the danger. Public squares, large or small, should be opened at frequent intervals, along the greater thoroughfares. The citizens of the different wards might severally contribute towards the purchase of an open ground in each. It matters not to be large. Small squares will answer every purpose, but let them be at convenient intervals. Burke emphatically styled these openings, the “lungs of a city.” They should be well planted, and fountains might be placed in them, supplying the neighborhood with water. One of the sort of fountains meant, the traveller will readily remember, as a pleasing object to mind and eye, in one of the principal streets of Baltimore, and in the immediate neighborhood of the Battle Monument. In Charleston, during the oppressive reign of August, the cool shade and water would be alike refreshing. It should be, at such a season, like the Alhambra of the Moor, the “City of the fountains and the shade.”

Enough. We might discourse longer on this theme. The elasticity of the old city revives and warms us; but we forbear. Our lucubrations on this topic may find a place in less crowded pages, but we give way to other subjects and contributors. Something, however, we may say in the ensuing numbers, suggestive of other improvements, not yet in contemplation. Something, perhaps, should be spoken to the authorities of the “Neck,” or rather to the people thereof. The work of reform is needed in that quarter, and the example of the city should not be suffered to pass by without regard. A unanimity of feeling and endeavor, may make our city as lovely and imposing to the eye of the spectator, as she is now dear to her sons.

THE FINE ARTS AT HOME.

As part and parcel of the same subject, upon which we have remarked, passingly, in the preceding pages, we may mention, with no little satisfaction, the revival of an interest in the Fine Arts among us. A large number of spirited gentlemen are engaged busily, at this moment, in making preparations for the establishment in our city, of an Academy, from which they promise themselves and the community, the most imposing results. They have already obtained more than a hundred members, and their organization may be looked for, we understand, even before this article goes through the press; certainly before it gets before the public. They propose an Academy, at once, of exhibition and design; a Theatre for public resort and inspection, and a School, at the same time, for the instruction of young beginners in the most difficult, yet most essential, branch of art in painting,—that of drawing. It may be safely averred that, where we have a thousand painters in this country, we have not ten draughtsmen. Our young men begin to color long before they have learned to draw; and hence we find that the tints of a Titian are too often made to minister to shapes, intended for humanity, that might well sit for, and would degrade even Caliban. Something of this evil springs undoubtedly from the want of proper models in our country—more, perhaps, from the necessities of life, which require that the young painter should make his profession turn to account as soon as practicable, in order to avail himself, for his daily support, of the proceeds of his pencil. The establishment of a school will supply the models, and suggest more emphatically than mere words, the necessity for their study; and there will then be no excuse for the blunders of the young painter, when the fine performances of the old masters, or good copies of them, are put before his eyes, and the use of them given to him free of all expense. Now, he may well plead the lack of resources, when the community which produces the talent in such abundance as Charleston, fails to regard it with encouragement, and utterly withholds that fostering patronage which all countries owe to those citizens who are to record the deeds of the valiant, and to preserve and immortalize those memories of the past, which mere trading influences have never yet thought it worth their while, or, indeed, been able, to perpetuate.

It is proposed, we learn, to build a fine fabric, as soon as the resources of the society will enable it to effect this object;

and to procure, with all possible despatch, a permanent collection of paintings, casts, statues, and engravings, for constant exhibition. This object, put in exercise, would provide us with an institution which is becoming daily more and more desirable, if not necessary. Hundreds of strangers arrive and depart daily, who have few acquaintance among our people, and consequently few resources of amusement during their brief stay with us. To such, what place more fitting as a morning lounge than an Academy of Art, where, in the presence of shapes of grace, forms of beauty, and images of romantic place and adventure, they may be compensated for the distance of their homes, and in such sweet company as the arts and graces, forget the momentary lonesomeness of their situation. The moral effect would not be the least consideration, since nothing can be more certain than that the stranger youth to whom the city furnishes no purer place of retreat, will not unfrequently resort to the beer shop and the tavern, as to a place of refuge from his own cheerless thoughts and gloomy fancies. The better to promote this feature in their plan, the friends of the Academy must take care to erect their building in some favorite thoroughfare. An eligible site may be found in Meeting-street, in near neighborhood with the noble public erections, of which, in our previous paper, we have already spoken.

In addition to their halls of exhibition, the friends of the new project contemplate contingent rooms and chambers, for their own assembling—for a library, and for the study and practice of the laborer in all departments of art. In one of these it is proposed to take casts, in plaster, of the heads of all such citizens as may desire it. Copies of these heads will be exchanged for like copies of the heads of distinguished citizens in all parts of the Union, and by this means, not only will the forms and features of our leading men and families be preserved for future ages, but a noble gallery will be formed at the same time, which, alone, would be always worth the study of the artist, not less than the examination of the mere visitor. We should, in this way, enable the citizen, who might never behold the living individual whose name he honors, and whose greatness fills his thoughts, to look upon the lines and outlines of those features, which are rightly supposed to shape themselves in accordance with the intellect, the moral, and particular propensities of their owner. There can be but little doubt, we think, that, in process of years, the habitual thought and purpose of the mind stamps itself upon the face and head, enabling the philosopher, at a glance, to determine of what nature is the God who dwells in such a temple.

Another plan of the proposed institution, and one by which its members contemplate the accumulation of a considerable addition to their fund, is a course of lectures on all subjects which may, however remotely, bear upon the labors and the purposes of the artist. With some of the proposed topics we have been favored by a zealous gentleman, whose soul seems at present to live, move, breathe, and have its being, only in the prosecution of the project. Would that all our citizens possessed a kindred warmth with him—then might we be sure the Institution would not only be successful, but triumphant in its success, beyond all others. But, now-a-days, utilitarianism mocks at all zeal which is not devoted to beef and butter, carrots, cabbages, beet sugar, banks, and the cattle market. Nay, let us not do injustice—there is some talk of making animal magnetism subservient to the war in Florida; and we must not overlook the deputation of Cherokees, who have undertaken to teach the Seminoles those doctrines of good will and peace to men, with which lead and powder have so singularly failed to impregnate them. Miss Laurania* will be eminently serviceable in procuring information of the whereabouts of the enemy in the Wahoo Swamp, and *clairvoyance* may achieve much more than General Gaines, and that too without losing a tooth in the business. But we beg pardon for this seeming digression. Let us return.

A partial idea of the plan of the contemplated Institution, may be formed by a reference to the proposed subjects for the Lecturer. Among these are, "Mythology," "the Religious History of Art," "Anatomical Drawing," "Architectural Drawing," "the several Histories of Art in Greece, in Rome, France, Germany, Italy, England, United States, and Carolina," "the Mexican Mythology and Art," "the Morals of Art," "Dramatic and Historical Painting," "Statuary," "Habits and History of Artists," "National Materials of Art," "Grotesque and Humorous Art," "Landscape," "Miniature," &c. These topics are various enough, yet all tributary to the main purposes of the Institution, which, carried out in all the proposed ramifications, will, undoubtedly, be one of the most influential and imposing in our country.

The general elasticity of the community, at the present moment, is one of the most fortunate of signs and circumstances, in favor of the projected enterprise, not to say that the

* See the several pamphlets of Col. Stone, Mr. Durant, and Mons. Poyen, on this resuscitated subject of Animal Magnetism, and the particular capacities of Miss Laurania Brackett. As we know nothing of the matter, we pretend to no judgment on it, contenting ourselves with a state of betweenity, credulity and scepticism being the make weights on either hand.

subject, in itself, is without its own sufficient commendation. The truth is, that never did a community more completely owe it to itself than ours, to establish such an Institution. In no city of the Union, perhaps, is there so much native talent for the Fine Arts. In no city of the Union does so great a number of talented young painters spring into existence, challenging the admiration of those who behold them—commonly without education, without family, friends, money, or encouragement of any kind,—toiling on, through their love and devotion to that art, whose worshippers they were born, but for whose worship there is no temple provided; and in spite of poverty, and partial obscurity, not only maintaining their devotion to their enamouring mistress, but teaching themselves their art, and toiling, at the same time, for the miserable pittance which is to sustain themselves and their families in life. It is positively dishonorable and disgraceful to any community which will suffer this. We are speaking now of the young men of our immediate day, and not of those artists of our country,—such as Allston, Cogdell, Fraser, White, Coram, Flagg, &c.*—who have acquired great names under foreign auspices. It has been assumed that the community was unfavorable to Art. The community has been wronged. Our people are only so far unfavorable to Art, as that they lack unity of object, an intercourse of opinion, occasioned chiefly by their remoteness of place, and the operation of other circumstances easily overcome. A chief cause, too, has been the neglect of our leading minds—upon whom the duty always devolves of guiding and prompting the temper of the people—to move in the business. These have chiefly cared to make the public feeling subservient to political purposes, and to give it a direction to matters erroneously supposed to be of more national importance. Our people, from Carolina to the Mississippi, are the very people with whom, above all others, the Fine Arts should principally find encouragement and regard. They have within them all the elements which make a people good patrons to the Arts. They have warmth and enthusiasm in abundance; they possess an instinct that prompts them to make grace a sentiment, and beauty a thing of worship. They are generous, they are proud,—they are

* These names alone, deservedly renowned as they are, (not to include Thomas Sully, the elder, who, though not a native, was a Charleston boy, the associate of Charles Fraser, from whom he acknowledges to have received some most valuable instructions, even at that early period, in his art,) the growth of our city and immediate neighborhood, would be argument enough in favor of the establishment of such an Institution. Shall there be a religion among a people, and yet no temple?

ambitious of renown in all departments, and are any thing but ignorant of the vast accession which may be made to the national glory, by domiciling among them those finer tastes of the mind, which give to the finger a creative faculty of its own, enabling it, by a touch, to fix the fleeting charms of youth and beauty, and to eternize the glory of all seasons, whether in the natural or moral world. We are not satisfied that our community has ever been appealed to fairly, in behalf of the Arts. We are confident that when it is, it will show how promptly it can admire, and how readily it will come forward to provide them a dwelling, and sustain them in it. It is only when the friends of Art form a community of themselves, that they can know the extent of their own powers, and the uses to which they may apply them. Let them but do this, and we confidently predict, that they will make our city—that which all her characteristics, already known, entitle her to become—the very Florence of America. If taste in all other matters—a generous warmth—enthusiasm which flames and lightens—polished manners, and a noble gentility—give any guaranty of success in behalf of such a project, then its success is certain. Let the zeal of her young men but address itself to this matter, without any discouraging doubts of its success,—such as result from coldness and impoverished blood in age, and indicate imbecility and want of character in youth—and the triumph of the Arts may be written now. To doubt of success is to insure failure—to resolve to be successful is the duty of manhood, and while it is the best proof of its possession, is also the surest guaranty of its productive and ennobling rewards.

We conclude this paper with a lyrical ode, written by a visitor in our city, whose anxiety and activity on the subject of the Institution, may be guessed easily, from the warmth of the appeal which follows. We trust, when our succeeding number appears, to congratulate all parties—him, the community, and ourselves—on the realization of those desires, which he has here so enthusiastically expressed.

Carolínians, who inherit
All the freedom of your sires,
All that high and fearless spirit
Which can build and feed its fires ;
Mind and spirit well attested
In laborious toil and fight,
When their warriors bravely breasted
Indian cunning,—English might—

Fearless, when the prowling savage,
Drunk with fury, mad for spoil,
Rush'd at midnight, sworn to ravage
All the temples of their toil ;—
Fleeter still than he, when flying,
Through his forest, to pursue,
And, with shouts to his replying,
Strike with weapons yet more true—
Ready—for the sovereign sisters,
When Old England scorn'd their claim,—
Strong and daring, to resist hers,
Turning tyranny to shame ;
And, through thousand strifes undaunted,
Keeping still their glorious way,
'Till the tree of freedom, planted,
Shelters all their sons to-day.

Be not we—thus high their story—
Heedless of th' ennobling past,
But with bosoms warm for glory,
Let us swear that it shall last.
By the shades of ancient heroes,
By the patriots, sages, men—
Sainted mothers, who endear us,
To the strife they honor'd then—
By pure deed, and great endeavor,
Wisdom, virtue,—all that make
Nations live and live forever—
Keep the oath that now we take.
Let us swear, that still undying,
Shall their mighty memories glow,
And that time to time replying,
Shall but one proud record show.
We have foes like them to vanquish,
We have friends like them to save,
Cities, which may live, but languish,
Children destined for the grave,—
Vices grow and gather round us,
Blighting, shading, all the land ;
Thousand tyrannies confound us,
While in apathy we stand—
Patriot hearts begin to falter,
As, o'erspreading sea and shore,
Cold eyed cunning rears her altar,
And her myriad slaves adore.
Vain the blood of sainted martyr,
Vain the worship of the old,
Souls now seek the God of barter,
And their prayers are paid in gold.

Shall we yield them to such victor,
See the noble heart and mind
In the trammels of the lictor,
Hear him scourge, and see him bind—
Know, that with each hour that's flying
He hath won some fresher slave,
And behold the victim dying,
It were but to speak to save?
What's the battle now before us?
'Tis not now the savage foe,
With his scalp knife bending o'er us,
Nor the Briton with his blow,—
These are fights our fathers ended;—
Not less toilsome now are ours,
With a thousand woes attended,
And arrays of mightier powers;
Blood they spill not, scalps they take not,
Weapon wield not, wound make none,—
Yet if patriot virtue wake not,
Life is lost and we undone—
They—our fathers—saved the nation,
We must make it! We must say,
Thus shall be its lofty station,
Proudest in the eye of day.
What shall make it proud and glorious?
Love of truth and art!—The toil,
Which alone is all victorious,
Rising from the soul and soil—
Rising o'er a nation's ruin,
When its laws are in the dust,
Spared by time, that still undoing,
Worships yet and leaves the just—
Toil of art, the solemn duty
Of the citizen and man,
Making things of worth and beauty
Things of worship—and we can—
Build a temple in each spirit
Where like Gods the graces shine,
And impart, as they inherit,
Lessons lovely as divine.
Clothe the giant trees with pinions,
Send them forth on ocean wide,
'Till we win from all dominions
Homage to our name of pride.
Hew the forest, clear the prospect,
Fill the fen and drain the swamp;
Rear the dome whose swelling aspect,
Looks to heaven and bears its stamp;

Rend the marble from the quarry,
 And with labor, spell and prayer,
 To its shapeless masses marry
 Breathing life and blessing air ;
 Raise it high to speak the glory
 Of the fathers of our land,
 Bring our sons and tell the story,
 Of the strife and bloody brand.
 How they toiled in deserts sterile
 For the bitter bread they ate ;
 How they fought in fields of peril
 'Till they made and saved the State.
 Thus the past, with voice incessant,
 Proudest lessons should convey,
 Warn the future, teach the present,
 Point to fame and lead the way.
 Thus shall we, their merits heightening,
 Follow in the sun's bright eye,
 'Till with utmost glories brightening,
 High we stand among the high ;
 'Till a music faint and failing,
 Grecian art and song shall be,
 And Italia's voice of wailing
 Float unheeded o'er the sea ;
 While far seeking admiration
 In remotest worlds shall turn,
 Fill'd with purest adoration,
 Where our rising planets burn.

G.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JOANNA OF SICILY.

THE NUPTIALS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

————"The Heavens
 Frown on this doing."

Old MS.

THERE is no more gorgeous sight than that of a city bathed in the resplendent glory of a cloudless morning. The rich light streaming on spire and tower, and palace and temple, gilding, with renovating splendor, the proportions of many an ancient pile—and reflected, dazzlingly, from the more recent monuments of art—illuminating the dwellings of the poor as well as the rich and great—and shining on thousands of happy human faces, that smile in welcome of the returning day—the tumult of business, and the throng of pleasure—the clamor of mingled voices, "of words, and works, and stirring foot-

steps,"—impart an air of life to the scenes that rouses the heart of the beholder, in spite of himself, to participate in the general cheerfulness. Such a scene, enhanced in splendor by the preparations for a day of unusual festivity, was presented in Naples on the morning of the 27th of September, 1333. The soft light of early autumn was reposing on her glowing gardens, her green and sunny isles—on the romantic shores stretched along her magnificent bay, while gentle breezes wafted perfumes from the Campagna Felice. The stupendous mountains that bounded her picturesque champaign, were crowned with golden mist; even the dark isolated mass of Vesuvius showed less gloomy than its wont; the bold coast of Pozzuoli, with its fringe of orange trees, the rock of Capri, that retreat of Rome's most dreaded despots, and farther off, Procida, and the majestic peaks of the island of Ischia—the scene in after days of glorious deeds—all were conspicuous beneath a cloudless sun. Within the city, signs of rejoicing were every where evident; banners hung from the casements, and from posts in the streets, and the streets were profusely strewn with flowers; triumphal arches innumerable were erected, hung with wreaths of roses and lilies; the lower order of people in their holiday apparel, thronged the public thoroughfares, rending the air from time to time with their shouts, which mingled with the clang of trumpets and cymbals and the merry peal of bells from all the churches and convents of the city. The crowd presented at that period, even more strikingly than at the present day, strange contrasts in their manners and appearance. Their dark complexions, marked features, large and expressive eyes, their clothes of the gaudiest colors often composed of rags of various hues—red, blue and violet—put on with the utmost negligence, produced a singular effect. The simple citizen and the 'swart artisan,' wearing their peculiar habits, mingled among those of nobler blood; some gallants displaying vestments garnished with furs and laces, others with doublets of many colored serge, and breeches and buskins of different fashions; broad and high collars, pointed or wide berretti, of every possible hue, diversified the dress of the several classes of patricians and *bottegaij*, rich and poor. But the most striking diversity was owing to the dress of the numerous friars, religious brethren and pilgrims. Here and there might be seen a hermit, bending beneath the weight of years, in his rude brown cassock and cowl, his untrimmed beard and pallid visage betokening his rigid abstinence and self-inflicted penances, jostling against some stern soldier sheathed in steel, or some patrician in gilded array;—strange contrast of

strength, humility and pride ! At that period too, when manners were less refined and softened by social intercourse, the feelings, more openly expressed, imparted to the features of each individual an original and characteristic air ; a frank, independent, and perhaps *brusque* demeanor, marked, varied, and picturesque lineaments of character, as well as various habiliments, manifested the spirit of an uncultivated, and even ferocious age,—but one that exhibited, with unbridled passions, deep and warm affections, and an aspect more vivid, more animated and piquant than any succeeding time.

Upon the terraces of the houses, on the balconies and under the high arches of the windows, were assembled matrons and maidens and children to witness the spectacles of the day ; gay and courtly processions of noble youths and knights passed every moment under their admiring gaze ; on the balconies of the palaces might be seen wealthy dames and demoiselles, all habited in the glorious costumes that marked the prevalent taste ; more rustling trains of satin and cloth of silver, purple mantles and jewelled bonnets, plumes, girdles, and chains of gold—were that day exposed to the sun's gaze, than on similar occasions within the memory of the oldest. The dazzling profusion of gold and jewels and rich apparel, and the splendid decorations of the windows and the balconies of various heights extended along the walls, showed in singular contrast to the sombre hue of the walls themselves of the palaces and churches, which built of stone grey with time, or of brick, were left without plaster ; thus the more modern edifices contrasting by their fresh colors with the old, the period of the erection of each was distinctly marked.

There were embassies from all the States and principalities of Italy, and from the remotest dominions of the monarch of Naples ; the reserved Venetian, and the music-loving native of Provence mingled with the dark-eyed Sicilian, and the representative of the majestic and florid beauty of the Lombard blood. Among all, the Florentines were most conspicuous, not only for the splendor of their costumes, but for the number of their retinue, wearing the arms, and dressed in the liveries of the deceased Duke of Calabria. This mark of homage to the son of the "good King Robert," who had in his life time been their beloved ruler, was most kindly appreciated by the old King.

The occasion that called for these rejoicings throughout the city and kingdom of Naples, was the marriage of its infant heiress, JOANNA, daughter of the late Duke of Calabria, to Andrew, youngest son of Carobert of Hungary. By this union, King Robert, her grand-father, hoped to extinguish the

which, the pledge of unsullied innocence, sink more deeply into the heart than the more striking loveliness of maturity—in *her* affected the gazer with strange emotion, from the contrast of her artless simplicity with her singular fortunes. A future queen—the hope of an exulting nation—the scion of an immemorial line—about to stand before God's altar to bestow her young hand on another, the pledge of a tie whose sacredness neither could yet comprehend! To surrender her destinies and her happiness forever and forever into the keeping of another, more lightly than she would transfer a toy—to utter vows in the presence of man and Heaven, unconscious of the awful import of her words—unknowing that the seal or the knell of a nation's welfare hung on her lisped accents—well might the spectator shudder as he thought of the dread contingencies, and looked on that form, the very fairest and most fragile of earthly creations—and read in those bright unshrinking eyes the guilelessness of the untutored soul! Alas! that the angelic nature reigning in the pure heart before the shadows of the world have fallen over its sunshine, must be darkened ere its developement begins! that the first decree of destiny should be the sacrifice of that trustful innocence which doubtless adorned the primeval race—a boon denied to the fallen descendants of Adam! Beside Joanna sate the equally artless partner of her fortunes—a pale sickly boy, whose depressed air and languid features bespoke lassitude and pain the fruit of an enfeebled constitution—a flower half blighted ere seven summers had passed over it. Prince Andrew shared not the volatile delight of his companion more than her matchless beauty; but his pale cheek was lighted with unwonted animation at sight of the gorgeous pageant in which he bore so conspicuous a part—and his gentleness and winning dependence of demeanor marked the amiable character for which the future king was distinguished. Scarce a more unfitting match could have been devised than between that brilliant creature of life and loveliness and the deject being at her side; so thought more than one of the train that followed them; it was like the union of Jupiter the lustrous with Saturn the leaden.

The solemn swell of sacred melody rose on the ear, as they neared the Cathedral; in the remotest extremities of its ancient aisles lingered the echo of the hymn, though there was a pause of silence round the altar at which knelt the royal votaries, before the voice of the Archbishop was heard reading the papal dispensation. Beside the infant Prince stood a figure in the monkish scapulary who had not mingled in the

procession—the hateful gleam of triumph in his eyes ill shrouded by his air of devout humility, as he bowed his head in seeming awe of the Pope's embassy, and of the solemnities of the nuptial celebration. Friar Robert held his place in virtue of his holy office; for the Hungarian officials who accompanied the Prince had stopped, as they approached the railing round the great altar, (their functions having ceased,) and resigned the honor of attending Andrew to the Neapolitan nobles. He looked like the evil genius of the devoted child. When the benediction was pronounced, and the newly united pair were presented to receive the paternal blessing from their royal sires of Hungary and Naples, the same hypocritical smile of satisfaction played on his lips as if he foresaw the ripening of his schemes of ambition.

Again the princely throng were without the walls; and amidst the renewed and tumultuous joy of the populace drew nigh the royal abode. Approaching banquets and tournaments were the theme of conversation among the knights and dames; but the grateful pleasure of the pious monarch found higher scope. "Here," he cried, as they paused in the centre of a magnificent square, "here shall a temple be built to commemorate this day; to Our Lady shall it be consecrate,—and long may her protection be over the future Queen of this noble realm!—Ha! our melancholy Cecco! sage that thou art, thou shalt smile in thy own despite. Where is the cloud thou pratedst of erewhile?"

The sage looked up to the sovereign and significantly placed his hand on his breast. The impressive gesture startled the King; he said in an altered tone,—“Speak; we hold thee, thou knowest, as one whose wisdom surpasseth the gifts of men. Hath aught happened,—or is it an unpropitious omen that hath driven gladness from thy brow?” Robert spoke anxiously, for he was far from being untinctured with the superstition of the time.

“Heaven avert evil omens from your highness!” exclaimed Cecco, eagerly. “On me, on me, let the calamity fall! the aged tree already broken by tempest is a fitter prey than the lord of the forest still majestic in his strength!”

“Then there is danger to me or thee,”—bending his head toward the sage.

“Danger—ay, danger! The mighty influences that govern our destiny mock at our efforts to shape it for ourselves! Can our feeble will hurl from their appointed courses the everlasting spheres? Will not the wheel of fate roll onward forever, spite of the mortal arm that would clutch its spokes!”

His tone was low and musing, nor did he seem to notice the uneasiness of Robert, who regarded him with an earnest and alarmed air.

"Thou speakest darkly. Danger—and from what quarter?" demanded the monarch.

"Hope not to shun it, O King—whatsoever it be"—replied Cecco. "For me—my soul is darkened—and I know not wherefore. But lo"—

There was no time for farther question; for in the direction in which the astrologer pointed was evident a strange interruption to the general festivity. A single horseman in travelling gear was urging his way through the crowd; his hood and mantle, and the dust and blood on the flanks of his overwheeled charger, contrasting strangely with the holiday bravery of the throng around him. When a few paces distant he dismounted, and approaching bowed low—uncovering his head in token of homage and crossing his hands on his breast.

"Who art thou, strange messenger?" exclaimed Robert in undisguised alarm. "Evil tidings thou bringest—thy look avouches it—whence and what are they?"

"Your highness—I am indeed a messenger of wo"—

"Ha—a Florentine! How is it with our fair allies and liegemen?"

"Evil is it with them;—alas, that I must unfold tidings that shall make the boldest tremble for the destruction that is come upon the fair city! The wrath of God hath overtaken her—the Etruscan plains lie desolate!"

A murmur of intense anxiety was heard in that vast concourse. The monarch crossed himself and lifted his eyes towards Heaven.

The messenger proceeded to give account, in the fervid language of one who feels what he narrates, of a destructive inundation caused by the overflow of the Arno,—which had laid waste the whole city of Florence. Terrible storms of lightning and tornadoes had accompanied the deluge; it seemed, the horseman averred—"as if the cataracts of Heaven were poured on the devoted city. Never, since the sweep of that Northern torrent that whelmed the Western Empire, the descent of Attila, the scourge of God—hath such calamity fallen on her! Wo unto us! for our sins hath the God of justice poured out the vials of his wrath!"

"And wo is me!" cried Robert—"that mine ears shall hear such a tale. Our joy is turned into mourning!—Yet tell me, camest thou direct from Florence?"

"My limbs have not known rest, nor my lips food, save the bread of my scrip—since I sped forth on mine errand"—cried the excited messenger.—"Long days and nights, O King, have I fasted on the lone mountains—aye, and holier than I—that this judgment might pass away! But a heavier wickedness than Gomorrah's stayed the hand of mercy."

"Did your sages then, predict this evil?"

"My father, great King, dwells in the hermitage by the Abbey of Vallambrosa. Years have passed away since he retired from the world—dedicating himself to Heaven by fasting and penance and prayer—shutting out from his bosom the vanities of earth;—to him the coming wrath was shadowed forth in visions; and his aged eyes wept burning tears for the miseries of his people. He was earnest in prayer on that fatal night, and the anguish of his spirit bowed him to the earth;—suddenly, as he lay prostrate, a furious noise and the measured tramp of horses' feet without, roused him from his holy trance. Crossing himself and breathing a pater-noster, my father went to the wicket; he saw, O King, a sight that only eyes like his, purged by penance from the films of sin, might dare to look upon. He saw an armed troop of cavaliers, dark and terrible, riding by;—black were their breast-plates, and black the shields in their left hands, and black the crests of their helmets. Dark, yet shining, flowed the locks beneath their casques in waves over their shoulders. The steel of their visors glowed like burning glass. Their armor—while they sped on as if formed by invisible wings—gave forth a noise like the tempest and rushing rain. The earth shuddered at the tread of the avengers, and a murmur harsh and deep rose from the affrighted Arno. Then my father, O King, filled with the fear of God, called to the hindmost cavaliers, conjuring them in the name of Him who holds nations in the hollow of his hand, to say what this might mean. Like muttered thunder, mournful and terrible, swept their answer on the wings of the night wind—"We go—for God hath decreed it—to drown the city of Florence for her wickedness.* Wo unto her that was called the bride of nations!" The avengers vanished—and the sky and the distant Appenines echoed the fury of the tempest that burst on the vallies; the voice of the waters was lifted up—deep called unto deep at the wrath of the mighty—ruin swept over the towers of

* This story is attested by Villani, on the authority of the Abbott of Vallambrosa, who had himself examined the hermit. We have placed the date of the deluge a few weeks earlier than it actually happened.

Florence—and her beautiful gates—and her meadows smiling with the vintage !”

As the messenger poured forth in passionate accents his story of disaster a deep silence reigned through the assembly, and tears bathed the eyes of the sovereign ;—lifting his hands solemnly upwards, he breathed a pious prayer, then turned to his nobles,—“ we will indite,” he said, “ letters of condolence and comfort to our afflicted liegemen ; on with us to the palace ; let the messenger be cared for. We will not rest till our duty be fulfilled in this matter.”

In the vast court of the palace, magnificent with its porticoes and staircases, its vaulted roof and walls adorned with gildings, and trophies, and sculptures, its embrasures decorated with bronze statues—stood at sunset the astrologer Cecco, amidst the numerous guards and officials of the court, who passed and re-passed him in the discharge of their several duties—with a page, who having delivered him a scroll, was waiting to receive his commands ! Cecco read the despatch without sign of emotion ; when he had finished he rolled it up carefully, whispered in the boy’s ear, and departed.

The closet of the sovereign had that evening been the audience chamber of such of his ministers as came to offer counsel in the affairs of Florence. It was furnished with more regard to convenience than luxury ; a private oratory adjoined, and on ornamented shelves were arranged as many books as was then supposed to form a sumptuous library for a literary monarch. Some were inclosed in covers adorned with plates of gold and precious stones ; some lay open upon the table, displaying huge leaves of parchment closely written, illuminated with miniature pictures, that filled the spacious margin. The greater number of these volumes had been the choice of Petrarch, and his gift to the monarch, for whose gratification he had emancipated them from the dust of the monasteries. There might be seen the works of the bards of Greece and Rome—the annals of Tacitus—and books of the philosophy of Aristotle ; the theological labors of St. Ambrose and the holy fathers of the Church were mingled with the *Tesours* of the Troubadours and the romances of the period—with the poems, Latin and Italian, of Petrarch himself.

King Robert was inditing to a clerk the letters of sympathy and admonition he designed to send the suffering Florentines ; words of condolence from him, who was esteemed “ more eminent in philosophy and wisdom than any king who had worn a crown for a thousand years”—were more precious than gold—and till he had fulfilled this fatherly duty the sovereign had vowed to partake none of the banquettings pre-

pared that day in honor of the princely nuptials. Patience in misfortune and submission to the chastisement of Heaven—repentance for sin and gratitude for the Divine care which punished their faults—were lessons the noble Robert had himself practised, and was well qualified to teach.

Surprise and a shade of gloom were visible in his countenance when Cecco was announced; and yet more when the sage preferred his request for permission to depart immediately for Florence. "We thought to cherish your remaining days,"—he said in a tone of mild reproach; "wherefore return to the scene of so many sufferings?"

Cecco, without reply, placed the packet he had just received into the hands of the king.

"Ha! an accusation of heresy—and a summon to answer the charge before the holy Inquisition! Art mad—that thou would'st go to brave their wrath; or weary of life?"

"Life," answered the sage, "is less dear to me, my liege, than unblemished fame."

"And thou wilt tempt the bigotry of partial priests, the restless envy of Dino—perhaps the horrors of the stake!"

"All," was the calm reply. "Nothing but what is decreed can happen to me. The fruits of destiny can only fall when in full maturity."

"Do the stars promise success?"

"My liege, the unshadowed orb of truth hath its appointed course immutable as the path of the stars. If I must perish to exalt her greatness, who shall murmur? Surely I shall triumph over my foes—I rejoice in the victory—whether I partake its fruits or not! This night I depart—I beseech you suffer me not to be detained!"

The high resolution of the sage prevailed; the king stretched out his hand in silence;—Cecco kissed it with affectionate homage and hastened from his presence. Two months afterwards came the intelligence that the astrologer had fallen a victim to the malice of his enemies; condemned to be burnt as a magician. Yet were his last words fulfilled; for when repentance was too late, gnawing remorse seized on the heart of the chief among his foes; and confessing the falsehood and malignity that had persecuted to the death the innocent sage—Dino died within a few days, in tortures far more terrible than those to which he had devoted his victim.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "YEMASSEE," "MELLICHAMPE,"* &c.

I.

Not in the sky,
Where it was seen—
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep,—
Though green,
And beautiful, its caves of mystery,—
Shall the bright watcher have
A place—and, as of old, high station keep.

II.

Gone, gone !
Oh, never more to cheer
The mariner who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers and do sleep,
Shall it appear,
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep.

III.

Vain, vain !
Hopeful most idly then, shall he look forth,
That mariner from his barque,—
Howe'er the North
Doth raise his certain lamp when tempests low'r—
He sees no more that perish'd light again !
And gloomier grows the hour
Which may not, through the thick and crowding dark,
Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

IV.

He looks,—the Shepherd on Chaldea's hills,
Tending his flocks,—
And wonders the rich beacon doth not blaze
Gladdening his gaze ;
And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him safely home through perilous ways !
How stands he in amaze,
Still wondering, as the drowsy silence fills,
The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils

* The two poems by Mr. Simms, ("The Lost Pleiad," and "Love Imperial.") which we publish in the present number, have been, he advises us, already published elsewhere, but as they have undergone his subsequent revision, and have, most probably, been seen by few, or none, of our Southern and South-Western readers, we have no scruple in publishing them anew.—[Ed.]

Its leaden dews—how chafes he at the night,
Still slow to bring the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight !

v.

And lone,
Where its first splendors shone,
Shall be that pleasant company of stars,—
How should they know that death
Such perfect beauty mars,—
And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
Fallen from on high,
Their lights grow blasted by its touch and die—
All their concerted springs of harmony,
Snapt rudely, and the generous music gone.

vi.

A strain—a mellow strain—
Of wailing sweetness, fill'd the earth and sky ;
The stars lamenting in unborrowed pain
That one of the selectest ones must die ;
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest !
Alas ! 'tis ever more the destiny,—
The hope, heart-cherish'd, is the soonest lost,
The flower first budded soonest feels the frost,
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest ?—
And like the pale star shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest when they fly
The desolate home they blest !

MEDICAL SKETCH OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

BY W. G. RAMSAY, M. D.

NUMBER TWO.

IN continuing our remarks on the subject treated of in the last number of your Journal, we proceed to the consideration of a disease—the fatal production of which, from the nature of our soil and climate, we are so liable to. A disease which from its fatality has been considered protean in its character,—I allude to that which is known under the various titles of, country fever, bilious fever, congestive fever, and miasmatic fever, which nomenclature would lead many persons to conclude that they were different and distinct diseases, originating from entirely opposite causes—which is

far from being the case. When we consider how many of our most valuable citizens have fallen victims to this disease; the dread of which, has at this period of our history as a nation, caused our delightful country residences to be entirely deserted by the white population, with a few exceptions; and when we consider furthermore that this evil has increased so much upon us, that there is scarcely a family amongst our country friends which has not been afflicted by the loss of some one of its members by country fever—are not these circumstances sufficient to constitute a subject of deep interest and importance to every one, to endeavor to trace the history of this disease to the present time, and see what changes it has undergone. The first questions which suggest themselves in our investigations are, whether country fever is now more common and fatal than it was anterior to, and during, the Revolution; and if it is, what are the causes to be assigned for its increase? The affirmative of the former question has been established by facts that render it scarcely a subject to be disputed. Notwithstanding this it has been denied. From the *History of the Climate and Diseases of South-Carolina*, we find the writers on this subject merely mention simple intermittent fever as the disease incident to exposure in miasmatic localities, and which appeared to have been very lightly regarded by those who resided in the country during the summer months, which consisted of almost every one who was interested in planting. About the earliest account we have of the health of the country on this subject is contained in the following paragraph.

“Such, who in this country have seated themselves near great marshes are subject to agues—as those who are so situated in England—but those who are planted more remote from marshes or standing water are exceedingly healthy; in-somuch that out of a family consisting of no less than twelve, not one hath died since their first arrival there, which is nine years; but what is more, not one hath been sick in all that time.”* Another writer remarks: “In July and August they have sometimes touches of agues and fever, but not violent, of short continuances, and never fatal.”†

Archdale, in his description of the State, says, as regards the diseases. “What may be said properly to belong to the country is to have some gentle touches of agues and fevers in July and August, especially to new comers.” In addition to

* An account of the province of South-Carolina, by S. Wilson, printed in London, 1682.—Carroll's Collections.

† A description of Carolina, published by L. Gent, London, 1682.—Carroll's Collections.

the above testimony, the following passage seems to show how healthy the country must have been at the period when it was written: "When Mr. Pursey went with his small party to clear out a spot of land on the river Savannah, the people told them before their departure from Charleston, that they had great reasons to fear rattlesnakes, the country being full of them; and that they ought to keep a good guard against them; however, they did not as much as see one of these serpents, nor of any other sort, for fifteen days that they travelled about in the woods, though it was in the middle of summer, at a time when all serpents are out of their holes."*

We see then that slight ague and fever was the trifling penalty incurred by remaining in the country during the entire summer, and even this not often; the inveterate and fatal forms of fever now prevalent, do not appear to have been known, as we have no mention of them. But in pursuing our investigations yet farther, and to a much later period, than that above noticed, we find the country healthy in as much as we learn from well authenticated *records* that the inhabitants were in the habit of going into the country, at any time during the summer with impunity, and enjoyed perfect exemption from the fevers which now prevail to so fatal an extent in those once healthy situations. In addition to this, history informs us that during the Revolutionary war both the American and British troops made their excursions through every part of the Low Country of this State, and encamped for weeks together in the swamps during the summer season. And yet we do not learn that the mortality by the ravages of fever was at all considerable—which would most assuredly be the case now if such visits were made. During the campaign of 1779, the British and American troops were encamped on plantations on John's and James' Island, in May and June; the British also had an entrenchment at Stono Ferry, when they were attacked by the Americans on the 20th of June. We are also informed, that when Marion heard of the defeat of Gates, at Camden, on the 16th of August, 1780, he marched through the Low Country to Nelson's Ferry, on the Santee river, with the hope of rescuing the prisoners who were under a British guard on their way to Charleston. In 1782, parties of British soldiers were sent over the country to collect provisions during the summer; a large number of these were sent up by water to Combahee Ferry, where they arrived on the 25th of August, and were attacked by the Amer-

* A description of South Carolina, drawn up at Charleston, in September, 1731. Carroll's Collections, page 137, vol. II.

ican troops, who were encamped near the ferry.* Notwithstanding the great exposure which the American and British troops encountered, we do not hear that their ranks were thinned by the destroying arm of country or bilious fever, which has destroyed whole companies of those engaged in the Florida campaign during this, and especially the last summer. The fact is, the Revolutionary war could not have been carried on during the summer months if the country was as unhealthy as it is now. In addition to the facts cited, we have heard from many of our old inhabitants, that it was customary to go into the country any time during the summer and remain for weeks together without getting sick; and that many planters with their families resided on their plantations during the entire summer, and if they got fever it was always from exposure, and nothing more than a simple ague and fever, which was easily subdued by the far famed *Dutch remedy*.† We might multiply these facts to some length, but it is unnecessary; we have been thus particular in mentioning them, in order to correct the great mistake committed by the author of the following passage in relation to our domestic concerns. "The low lands of the Carolinas, and I believe also of Georgia, are much healthier now than they were at the close of the Revolutionary war—the cause is obvious—they are under higher cultivation; at the period referred to white men could not labor in the fields and retain their health—negroes were therefore necessary. But they are less so now; in twenty or thirty years more, perhaps a shorter period, they will not be necessary at all; white men will do their work to much more advantage. By that condition of things the abolition of slavery in our country will be greatly facilitated. Like other evils human bondage will disappear under the progress of improvement. But in the present case the event, however desirable, cannot be hurried without producing a worse evil."‡ It will readily be seen by any one who is at all conversant with our climate and its effects, that the above passage is erroneous from beginning to end, for from what we have said in relation to the health of the country during the period of the Revolutionary war, exactly the reverse of Dr. Caldwell's statements is proved by well authenticated facts. But let us investigate the matter a little farther, and see if our low lands are healthy now and inhabitable by a white population. On the very threshold of

* Ramsay's History of South-Carolina.

† Cream of Tartar, Bark and Cloves.

‡ American Journal of Medical Science, vol. VIII.—Caldwell on Malaria.

this inquiry, the increased number of deaths by country fever every year, is a certain but melancholy argument to prove the present unhealthy state of the country ; and that what was once trifling ague and fever, is now in the same locality a most fatal fever, which is known with sorrow by too many. For instance, Pineville, in St. Stephens Parish, was resorted to by many of the planters in its vicinity about the year 1794, and proved to be a perfectly healthy settlement from that period until within a few years ; when it became sickly, and many of its inhabitants fell victims to a most fatal form of miasmatic fever, which has continued to prevail every summer since,—so much so that this once delightful and healthy village, which afforded a pleasant and convenient residence for so many families, is now entirely deserted. Cambridge, in Abbeville district, may also be cited as another example of the sad change of a once perfectly healthy spot, becoming just the contrary. These are facts which are well known to every one living in this State. As regards Dr. Caldwell's very humane plan for the abolition of slavery, I am afraid it never can be effected by substituting white men to labor in the fields in the place of negroes—there never was a more absurd idea, for it is a well known fact that country negroes are peculiarly exempt from miasmatic diseases. It is said that the usual temperature, to which the negroes in Africa are subjected, is from 120 to 160 degrees,—which appears almost incredible—and although exposed to this high degree of solar heat, fevers are not known among them. In the West India Colonies, blacks are still so far exempt from febrile disorders, that even intermittents, the mildest of fevers, seldom occur amongst those negroes who are employed to labor in the fields. They are also exempt from yellow fever, for it is well known that in 1817, when this disease raged in this city to such a deplorable extent, the negroes were in the habit of constantly passing from the plantation to the city, where they were always exposed to the disease, and they never contracted sickness by this circumstance.

To show the peculiar and total exemption of country negroes from miasmatic diseases, which are so fatal to whites, I need but mention the following circumstances, which most of my readers are familiar with. The overseers with their families, who reside during the summer on the plantations, especially on those where rice is cultivated, seldom or never escape an attack of fever ; and if they are fortunate enough to recover from the first attack, they generally fall victims to a subsequent one, or succumb under the effects—namely, chronic inflammation of the digestive apparatus—enlargement

of the liver and spleen—and dropsy, which is the most common termination. You may search the country through, and you will hardly find a perfectly healthy overseer, who resides on a plantation during the summer—and if you do, it is a rare instance. It may be asked what renders our black population so exempt from fever—this question, we must confess, is difficult to be solved, although there have been many speculations on the subject. It has been asserted that the color of the skin of the negro, so well adapted to the climate in which they live, will readily account for their non-liability to febrile diseases; for although their bodies are calculated to absorb heat more readily than those of white men, on account of the color of the skin, they are readily cooled by perspiration and kept of an equal temperature. Mr. John Hunter instituted a number of very interesting experiments, which clearly proved the resistance of the black color to the radiant heat of the sun's rays, whilst the white skin would soon become sensibly affected. He exposed the back of both his hands to the sun's rays with a thermometer upon each—one was uncovered, the other had a covering of black cloth, under which the bulb of the thermometer was placed; after ten minutes the heat of each thermometer was marked, and the appearance on the skin examined. The thermometer under the cloth was 91 degrees, the other 85 degrees—the exposed skin was scorched, the other had not suffered in the slightest degree. The second experiment—the thermometer in the sun, at 11 o'clock, at 90 degrees—the concentrated rays were applied to a piece of black cloth made tight around the arm, for twelve minutes; which gave no pain, and left no impression on the skin, although the nap of the cloth had been destroyed. This experiment was repeated with white cloth, and in fifteen minutes a blister was formed. In the third experiment, the sun's heat being at 85 degs., the concentrated rays, applied to the back of the hand of a negro for fifteen minutes, produced no visible effect. From these experiments we readily see, how little the black skin suffers from the scorching influence of the sun's rays, which to the white skin would be insupportable. Sir Humphrey Davy accounts for it on the most probable and rational principle, viz: That the radiant heat of the sun's rays was absorbed by the black surface and converted into sensible heat. "In order," says Dr. Lining, "to ascertain what degree of heat my servants were exposed to in the kitchen, I suspended a thermometer to a beam eight feet from the floor and fifteen from the fire, the windows and doors being open on both sides of the house, so that this was the coolest situation in it; but even here the mercury stood at the 115th

division, and notwithstanding this seeming distress, the negroes assured me that they preferred this sort of weather to the winter's cold."* How far, and in what manner, this almost total indifference in the negro constitution to such high temperature renders him exempt from miasmatic diseases, are questions difficult to be settled; for it must first be determined through what medium malaria affects the body in producing fever—in relation to which many theoretical speculations have been indulged in, but no positive conclusion clearly deducible from facts has as yet been attained. Some have contended that this deadly exhalation affects the system through the medium of the stomach—others through that of the lungs, and many that it is absorbed by the skin—but it is difficult to decide which of these theories has the greatest weight of authority. As regards the skin being the medium through which the malaria enters the system—there are many circumstances, in relation to this theory, worthy of notice. It is said that the Africans, though inured from their infancy to the high temperature of their climate, guard nevertheless against excessive perspiration, and its too frequent consequence—suppression—by keeping the skin soft and unctuous. Dr. Good has given an instance of the custom of oiling the surface of the body as a certain preventive against the Plague.—“Mr. Sully has informed me,” says this writer, “that there was no instance of an attendant on the infected having received the contagion so long as he was regular in oiling himself, wearing a dress soaked in oil, or a covering of oil skin.” To the same effect it has been asserted by Mr. Baldwin, of Cairo, that among upwards of a million of inhabitants carried off by the Plague in Upper and Lower Egypt, during the space of four years, not a single dealer in oil, so far as he could learn, had fallen a victim to it. A similar remark is made by Mr. Jackson, respecting the laborers in oil warehouses, during the Plague just referred to. In that of London, in 1665, it is specially observed by Baynard, and most of the writers, that the trades chiefly exempt were those of oilmen, fishmongers, tanners, barge-men and water-men,—the first of these evidently, by being protected by the great vicidity that covered the hands and dress generally, and the last two by living separate from the scene of contamination, as though cut off by quarantine.† These circumstances prove how essentially necessary it is to protect the surface of the

* An account of Charleston, read before the Royal Society, in 1774, by Dr. Lining.

† Good's Study of Medicine.

body when exposed to causes of disease. On the other hand, if the lungs or stomach be the medium, through which infectious matter enters the system and storms it by the deleterious effects of disease—why should the negro, whose structure in this respect is precisely the same as the white man—who lives, and moves, and has its being, as the white man—I say, if this is the cause, why is he so far exempt from the effects of this fatal miasma, as to be able to enjoy the pure and delightful air of the country, where the white man would almost inevitably sicken and die? I need but say, that I believe the color of the skin of the negro is an essential cause of exemption from miasmatic diseases. Any further inquiry into this part of our subject would lead us into a maze of controverted points, which my limits in the present article will not allow me to notice. The great difference of mortality between the white and black population in this city, by bilious and country fever, may be seen by the following table, which has been accurately drawn up from the books kept by the Board of Health. The months of May, June, July, August, September and October, have been selected.

	WHITES.	BLACKS.		WHITES.	BLACKS.		WHITES.	BLACKS.
1814	19	7	1820	29	1	1826	12	2
1815	2	0	1821	16	1	1827	18	2
1816	3	0	1822	21	1	1828	14	0
1817	8	4	1823	20	1	1829	6	3
1818	13	0	1824	5	1	1830	15	1
1819	4	0	1825	12	3			

These facts appear to me sufficient to convince any one that in the present unhealthy state of the low lands and produce section of South Carolina, white men can never be substituted for negroes as field laborers. The most important part of our subject remains yet to be discussed, namely,—What causes can be assigned for the increasing unhealthiness of the country. This question being one which requires to be treated at some length, we will therefore defer it for the next number.

LOVE IMPERIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," &c.

I.

With an unassuming face,
And a manner soft and sly,
Love imperial steals apace
When you little deem him nigh,—
You may note his searching glance,
In the absent-seeming eye—
You may trace him in the trance
Of a young idolatry.

II.

There are spirits yet to win,
There are bosoms still to try,
And he deems it not a sin
To extend his sovereignty—
With a spell of wilder power
Than the other kings may ply,
He will scale the haughty tower,
Though it rugged be, and high.

III.

He hath armed him with a spark
From a young and artless eye,
And he strikes the lofty mark,
Which would other force defy ;
And the lofty tow'r goes down
In the conflagration high,
And the Chieftain leads he on
In a far captivity.

IV.

In the wildest storm he soars,
He is safe in every sky ;
And he wins the farthest shores
With a wing of victory !
Sleepless still, he speeds apace,
When you little deem him nigh,
And he wins the hardest race
That his erring wing may try.

V.

He's the Prince—the Prince of power,
And we bow to him alone,—
He's the Lord of tent and tower,
Of the cottage and the throne.
Peer and peasant, clime and hour,
All alike to him are known,
And we yield him up the flower,
And the fruit of every zone.

jealousies existing between the first and second branches of the family of Anjou, and reconcile their opposing claims to the sovereignty of the Sicilies. To understand the cause of these discords, it is necessary to mention that Charles the Second, father to Robert, who in addition to his Neapolitan dominions possessed in right of his wife the kingdom of Hungary, had given that crown to his eldest son, Charles Martel, appointing Robert his heir to the throne of the two Sicilies. The descendants of Charles Martel, unsatisfied with this arrangement, though it was sanctioned by the custom of monarchs in those times, never ceased to lay claim to Naples, as theirs in the regular order of succession; hence a series of divisions and bitterness, which threatened to become the source of cruel and murderous wars. The excellent sovereign of Naples followed the dictates of a benevolent heart, when in compliance with the suggestion of Pope John XXII., he entered into a treaty with his nephew Carobert for the marriage of which we have spoken. He thought to heal the feud in the royal house, and compensate for the alleged injustice of his father, while at the same time he secured to his heiress an undisturbed reign. Such is human wisdom! Had the evil genius of the ill-fated Joanna suggested the name of a consort to the misjudging monarch, he could not have directed his choice more fatally than to Andrew of Hungary! The affectionate king gazed that day with delight on the childish pair, and on the gorgeous pageant that adorned their bridal; could he have looked into the future, with what anguish would he have torn the garland from their brows—the seal of their tragical doom! Would not the blessing that faltered on his paternal lips have turned to prophetic denunciations of misery and death? “As he had five years before ejaculated over the tomb of Joanna’s father—*væ mihi! væ vobis!*—the same mourning strains should have sent back the chilled blood to her young heart, and the royal sage might then indeed have exclaimed, ‘The crown from my head is fallen!’ for thus the glory of his race passed away.”

In the Strada di Toledo groups of soldiers, both Neapolitan and Hungarian, were seen; the latter distinguished by their rude and insolent bearing and rough apparel, in contrast to the courtly and ostentatious dress and manners of their Italian neighbors. The reader who fancies a troop of modern soldiers in their monotonous *uniform*, will have but a faint idea of the scene presented by the undisciplined warriors of the fourteenth century. Then every man pursuing the business of arms, on foot or on horseback, was at liberty to clothe and decorate himself according to his own pleasure; whence

in the group prevailed a variety in colors and badges, that made it easy to recognise the particular nation to which each individual belonged. There were seen men of arms rough with steel from head to foot; the style of armor diverse; some carrying simply the polished helmet and coat of mail; some with visor and gorget of burnished plates of metal, and steel corslet; some wearing the wrought crest with floating plumes; some only the head piece of pointed iron; swords, shields and daggers hung to the side, fastened to bandoleers and belts of various devices. Very many knights, mostly in half armor, with plumed cap or floating locks bare to the breeze, were riding to and fro under the balconies, exchanging courtesies and gallantries with the fair ones who were beholding the gay cavalcade; while ever and anon the joy of the volatile people was increased by the livelier flourish of tambour and viol, as fresh minstrels approached.

While the motley assemblage were waiting in lack of amusement for the grand ceremony, they hailed with delight the appearance of a figure capriciously arrayed, wearing a blue doublet garnished with two rows of small silver bells, with which ornament his other garments were also profusely decorated; his floating mantle and three corned cap or hood sustaining strings of the same, dancing in the wind with merry jingle, as he moved forward at a somewhat irregular pace. He held a lute on his arm, and now and then struck the chords carelessly, accompanying the sound with ludicrous gestures and leaping. This individual was one of a class very numerous in those times, of a grade between the *jongleur* and the more modern jester, possessing all the privileges of the latter, with the popularity that appertained to the profession of the minstrel. The multitude held these personages prodigiously in favor, as contributing to their favorite amusements; they were found every where; they attended in the train of banished nobles, at every tournament or place of public assemblage; their knowledge, besides the popular branches of *lou saber gaie*, comprehended a thousand amusing games learned in foreign lands; their memory was stocked with innumerable jests, conceits and legends to enchain the wondering ear; they exhibited achievements of cunning and ingenuity, and sung the ballads and *sirventi* of the most renowned troubadours of the day, not unfrequently entertaining their auditors with extemporaneous strains, oftener provocative of mirth than moving to deeper emotion.

"Bernardo! Bernardo!" cried a hundred voices at once, as the minstrel approached, "you are come in time! Sing us the Marriage of Agnes!"

"No, no!" exclaimed others of the crowd, pushing up to the scene of action, "let us have the Rondinella!" "The Rondinella!" was echoed far and wide.

"Good Bernardo," said one of the young squires, who had been in close conference with a fair damsel at one of the open casements, "wilt thou not, for the love of beauty, sing the 'Return of Palamede?' Come, be not skittish, here is gold for thy entertaining!"

But the *jongleur* heeded little either courtly entreaty or importunity; holding aloft his lute, he rushed frantically through the crowd, dancing and practising all manner of uncouth gestures, accompanying his movements by an irregular chant, the words of which were lost in the jingle of his countless bells. The Hungarians drew back as he approached, in apparent abhorrence, and the expression of their dislike afforded as much amusement to their volatile neighbors, as the contortions of Bernardo himself. The crowd pursued him some distance along the street, till their attention was called aside by a new spectacle.

This was a being, who, at first sight, would scarcely have been deemed human, so studiously had he divested himself of the semblance of humanity. He was below the middle height, and his crooked and swollen person diminished in effect his already deficient stature. His head was bald and his feet bare; but the tattered clothing that, squalid and filthy, scarce concealed the wearer's limbs, indicating the extreme of poverty—was so ostentatiously exhibited, and so evidently assumed for the purpose of impressing the populace with awe, as to relieve the spectator considerably from the feeling of pain that would otherwise have been excited by the aspect of such hopeless mendicity. His woollen vesture, closed at the throat and descending nearly to the ground, had originally been of an olive color, but its rags now presented all the hues of the rainbow. It seemed as if the disgusting attire of this individual would have provoked contempt, were it not that the harsh and forbidding countenance peering above his singular drapery, with its expression of mingled cunning and ferocity—the settled malignity of the dark flashing eye and the contracted brow, where "no pity, no truth, no faith" were ever stamped—went nigh to awaken *fear* in the breast of him who looked on FRIAR ROBERT. It was this celebrated personage—a brother of the Cordeliers—the monk appointed by the King of Hungary preceptor to his infant son—the monk who afterwards in power nearly filled the seat of his royal namesake—who from the height of his feigned sanctity commanded the reverential homage of the ignorant multitude—

that now walked with hypocritical humility among the assembled people, who thronged about him with demonstrations of deep and enthusiastic devotion, kneeling before him and kissing the hem of his ragged garment. Bernardo was silenced and forgotten.

"A blessing, good father," cried more than one of the suppliants, as they pressed around him.

"Delay me not, brethren," was the slow reply; "the Lord hath called me this day to his work. Take all of ye my blessing, and lift up your hearts in gratitude that Heaven sends you a prince to rule over you in days to come."

"Pray for me, father!" cried a young woman, bursting from one of the doors, and grasping earnestly the friar's mantle; "pray for me that my child may be healed! Turn hither, I beseech thee, but one moment—my son lieth grievously ill, and I take no pleasure in the festival! Good father, here is gold—I have toiled for it many a day—take it—may it buy prayers for my son!"—and she pressed the coin eagerly into his hand.

"Out, wench!" exclaimed the Friar, with sudden energy, recoiling from the touch of the impassioned petitioner, and flinging the gold in scorn on the ground; "what devil's gear is this, that thou would'st barter for the prayers of the vowed servant of Christ!" Then resuming his air of calmness—"these habiliments, unbelieving woman, should have taught thee how indifferent is he whom thou mockest to the riches of this world. Thou art accursed, and thine eyes are blinded to the truth!" So saying, he moved on.

"Oh, for the love of Heaven—for the love of Heaven!" cried the despairing mother; but the holy man turned a deaf ear to her supplication,—and execrated by the superstitious crowd, she turned back. There were none, on that day of rejoicing, to weep with the stricken-hearted!"

"He spurned the gold of the poverina," muttered a knight to his companion; "but, if rumor speaks sooth, his caskets at home accord not with the rags he wears. Out on hypocrisy!"

"And I say, out on thee for a sacrilegious heretic," replied his companion, laughing. "Thou art but an unbeliever, Orsino, to revile the holy Hungarian friar—the mirror of sanctity—the honor of our age! Look, how the people follow him, eager to touch the hem of his raiment!"

"He is no true disciple of Christ," said the knight, solemnly, "who spurns the supplication of the needy! Doth not the holy San Giorgio, blessed forever be his name,"—and the speaker devoutly crossed himself—"say, that the outward hu-

miliation of the members worketh naught, if the soul be swoln with pride? What great deed hath this friar done, that he should scowl on his brethren?"

"Verily," returned the other, "thou should'st plead the cause before King Robert himself; for thou art worthy, and moreover bold in all things; witness the day of the *Lance des Dames*, when thy lance was within three fingers of the breast of Nicholas, the Hungarian! I knew it was pure chance—but methought the good steel panted for closer friendship!"

"*Madre di Dio?*—friend—that would have been but a gainless thrust."

"I know it well—but marry! it should have let some foul blood! Then thy bearing, noble Orsino! See'st thou the tower of yonder palace? So cold and motionless stood'st thou—I laugh when I think on't—as he put aside the idle weapon with his rough hand, and looked as he would have chid thee, and thou would'st not have played against words with thy dagger."

The brow of the cavalier darkened, as at some stern recollection; then waving his hand to dismiss the subject, he turned in the direction where the dense mass of human beings was pressing forward—and with difficulty rode through the throng. The peal of bells, and the swell of triumphal music, gave signal that the cavalcade of noblemen and ladies had left the royal residence, and were approaching on the way to Santa Chiara. Since the fall of the Emperors who ruled Italy with iron sway, was never beheld a procession so magnificent. First in order came the gallant knights and counts, noble lances attended by their ecuyers of honor, the soldiers opening the way; their many colored pennons, on the heads of their weapons, fluttering in the wind, and their gay glancing armor flashing back with intolerable splendor the rays of the sun. Two hundred chosen cavaliers, of the noblest blood in the State, followed; their horses richly caparisoned, covered with housings emblazoned with different devices, according to the taste of the riders. Most of them wore, over their shinning armour, robes of cloth of gold, of purple, yellow or crimson, according to their rank, garnished with doublings of ermine, petit gris or vare—their armorial bearings displayed also on the breast of each; the dazzle of gold and jewels, and rich furs marking the knight above his ecuyer, whose habiliments of silver cloth, with silver ornaments and spurs, denoted his inferior rank. Next came the titled lords arrayed in the most gorgeous fashion of that magnificent age; each eager, by the splendor of his appearance, to administer to his own

vanity, as well as testify his allegiance to the monarch who, flanked on either side by his ancient body guard and the princes of the blood, rode among them with imposing majesty, his open and noble countenance beaming with that satisfaction which can only be the offspring of a true and feeling heart. King Robert, who was accompanied by Carobert and his attendant barons, wore no breast plate or helmet, as in scenes of strife; mounted on his superb horse, whose trappings of velvet embroidered with gold reached to his haunches, he looked around him with the assured feeling of a father in the midst of his loyal people. The regal mantle of azure velvet brodered with lilies of gold, edged with seed pearls and surmounted by the label gules of the race of Anjou, with its linings of snowy ermine, fell majestically from his shoulders, yet added no grace to his kingly form, superior in stateliness to all others, as no face could match the royal stamp of goodness on that expanded brow. The air was rent with shouts wherever the sovereigns passed; and the smile of acknowledgment with which Robert answered the heart-warm plaudits that burst on his ear, called forth continued and louder testimonials of affection.

By the side of Robert rode a personage then deemed as indispensable in the household of a prince as the dwarf afterwards became—the royal astrologer. In that age of superstition, when the boldest sought protection from unknown powers, through the medium of those favored mortals, supposed to be in direct communication with them, and an unlucky portent could appal the stoutest heart, a deep veneration was universally felt for those gifted individuals, who casting away the hope of frivolous pursuits and pleasures, devoted themselves to occult studies, and by the force of conjurations and other influences, acquired control over the mysterious beings supposed to guide human destiny. This control was not believed sufficient to constrain the spirits who dwelt in the stars to change the immutable order of things; but it enabled the aspiring student to read the fate of his fellow beings in that mystic future shut to the generality of mankind. Thus the science of necromancy or astrology, though afterwards condemned by the mandates of the Church, was then regarded with reverence, not only by the common people, but by monarchs themselves; and its professor, when uniting the impression of a stately and serious bearing to the awe inspired by his supposed gifts, was looked upon almost as a superhuman being. Many there were, doubtless, like the Italian *arioli*, or gipsies, whose pretensions to this wonderful art were supported by quackery and imposition; but not a

few, in the fervor of enthusiasm, imposed on themselves, dreaming of dominions over the invisible powers, till they fancied them subject to their sway.

Cecco d'Ascoli, the sage of Italy, the celebrated scholar, the early preceptor of Petrarch, did no dishonor, in mien and manners, to the lofty and extensive reputation he had acquired. He had filled the office of Astrologer of the Court, in the household of the Duke of Calabria, for a year of his government at Florence; banished thence by the duke's confessor on a charge of heresy, had visited temporarily the Court of Naples, intending to return to Florence as soon as the persecution against him should die away. From his predictions concerning the fate of the duke his former patron, of Castruccio Castrucani, and many others of note, in Italy—predictions actually fulfilled in the sequel—the fame of his wisdom had arisen to the utmost, and the person of the astrologer was regarded with superstitious veneration. Well was the aged scholar calculated to inspire awe, with the majestic serenity of his countenance, and his form graceful though bent with the weight of years, and his snowy beard descending in waves on his breast, his broad forehead and still piercing eyes, that seemed as they would read the soul of the beholder. The seal of command, the stamp of superiority, which learning places on the brow of her votaries, and which is never unrecognised by inferior minds, had in his expressive face withstood the ravages of time, and its influence ensured the homage of all who gazed on him.

The cavalcade had entered a square, from which rose in ancient times a temple dedicated to Augustus, and an amphitheatre, numerous vestiges of which are still to be seen. As king Robert with his train swept round a pedestal on which yet stood the crumbling ruins of a statue, the joy that filled his benevolent heart found utterance.

"These ruins," he said, "but mock the magnificence of kings; praised be He who is sovereign over all, there are monuments firmer than stone—they are founded in the affections of a people!" "I shall die in peace," he resumed after a pause, "since the wish of my life is fulfilled. This blessed union—lauded be the Pope who named it—will end all strife; and when I am laid to sleep, bring the dawn of a day of peace, glorious as this bridal day! Why dost thou sigh *Cecco Mio?*"

"I was but regarding yon light cloud, your highness," replied the sage, "that rests on the brow of that sunny peak; mark, how enviously it strives to mar the sunshine that bathes the whole face of Heaven!"

“Truce to thy portents,” said the king, “we have nought to do with such on a day like this!” And the royal train passed on.

But how describe the magnificent pageant that followed!—noble lords and dames, brighter than the flowers that strewed their course or the gems that blazed amid their sumptuous array! the throng of illustrious ladies, upon palfreys led by princely hands, or in chariots, covered with cloths whose richness of texture and coloring might have shamed the looms of the East; their flowing robes of crimson and purple velvet, of *voir* and cloth of gold; their trains of satin and damask; their jewelled clasps and carcanets; their chains of goldsmith’s work and of pearls; their coronets of gold and gems; their girdles and chaplets that almost rivalled the noontide glare! How describe the gorgeous beauty that the day called into exhibition; the eyes that surpassed the jewels; the cheeks fairer and brighter than the crimson and snow of their vestments; the charms far more precious than the utmost magnificence this sumptuous court could boast; or the aristocratic form and bearing of those high-born dames—the gift more rare and precious even than beauty—the full-blooded aspect, visible in the chiselled brow and lips, in the delicately moulded limbs, and the unequalled grace of every movement, that stamped its possessors each the descendant of some lofty and ancient line! Foremost in dignity, as in place, came the pious and aged Queen Sancha, attended by her princely dames; and under a canopy of cloth of gold, that flashed in the sun-light like an imperial banner, the infant BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM. Gems of rarest lustre starred the violet mantle of the youthful Princess; but none who gazed on that lovely pair, smiling in their innocence on the festivity around them, could have regarded their splendor. The soft, dovelike eyes of Joanna, now turned in childish amaze on the gleaming lances and weapons of the guard at her side, or in wonder at the homage of the people, as they knelt in loyal delight, or flung flowers in her pathway—now lifted in affectionate pleasure to her aged nurse and chief attendant, Phillippe the Catanese;—her bright and stainless brow, unshadowed as yet by care or pain; her transparent cheek flushed by the quick pulsation of her young heart, conscious only of partaking the wild delight and exultation she beheld every where about her, unconscious of its cause; her clustering hair, melting into sunny gold as the light played on it; the grace of each infantine movement, replete with that intelligence that marks the presence of the rarest and most dazzling gift of our Maker—the warm impulse of genius;—all these childish beauties

ANOTHER DAY AT CHEE-HA.

THE sportsman, who gives a true description of his sports, *must be an egotist*. It is his *necessity*. The things, which *he* has seen or done, are precisely those which make the liveliest impression, and with none other, but such as are thus brightly enshrined in his memory, should he attempt the difficult task of interesting a pre-occupied or indifferent auditor. Let this be my apology for speaking of myself—and if in my narrations there is (as some friendly critic may suggest,) a *want of repose*, it is as well for me candidly to confess, that the *want* is intentional. I sin through design—and say, as Gilfert said, when notified of a drop stitch in the flesh colored unmentionables of a celebrated danceuse pirouetting at the Bowery, “Hush, my friend, *dat is for effect*.” Could I rouse you an elephant, gentlemen critics, you should have a grave and stately march: I’d give you *repose* with a vengeance. But for your lighter game—dash, splash on, with whip and spur! *Celerity of movement* is the play—whether in the field or in the narrative!

It was a glorious winter’s day—sharp, but bracing. The sun looked forth with dazzling brightness, as he careered through a cloudless sky: and his rays came glancing back from many an ice-covered lagoon that lay scattered over the face of the ground. The moan of an expiring North-wester was faintly heard from the tops of the magnificent forest pines. Three sportsmen, while it was yet early, met at their trysting place, to perpetrate a *raid* against the deer! They were no novices—those huntsmen—they had won trophies in many a sylvan war; and they now took the field “of malice prepense,” with all the appliances of destruction at their beck—practised drivers, and a pack, often proved, and now refreshed by three days’ rest. Brief was their interchange of compliment; they felt that such a day was not to be trifled away in talk; and they halloed their hounds impatiently into the drive—yet not as greenhorns would have done. “Keep clear of the swamps,” was the order to the drivers,—“leave the close covers—ride not where the ice crackles under the horse’s hoof—but look closely into the sheltered knolls, where you will find the deer sunning themselves after the last night’s frost.” The effect of this order was soon evident; for in the second knoll entered by the hounds, a herd of deer were found thawing themselves in the first beams of the ascending sun. Ho! what a burst! with what fury the hounds dash in among them! Now they sweep along the thickets

that skirt the drive, and climb the summit of that elevated piney ridge—destined one day to become a summer settlement, and to bear the name of ———. But not unforeseen or unprovided for, was the run which the deer had taken. Frisky Geordy was in their path; and crack went the sound of his gun—and loud and vaunting was the twang of his horn, that followed the explosion! And now the frozen earth re-echoed to the tramp of horses' hoofs, as the huntsmen hurry to the call that proclaims that a deer has fallen. There was Geordy, his gun against a pine—his knee upon the still heaving flank of a *pricket buck*—his right hand clenched upon his dripping knife—his left flourishing a horn, which ever and anon was giving to his mouth, and filled the air with its boastful note. "Holla, Geordy! you have got him fast I see! Where are the dogs?" "Gone," says Geordy. "There's Ruler in the East—what's he after?" "A deer," says Geordy. "And Rowser to the South—what's he after?" "Another deer," says Geordy. "And Nimrod to the South-west—I need not ask what *he's* after—for he follows nothing but deer. Your second barrel snapt—of course?" "I don't say that," says Geordy, "I had *wounded* the six last deer I'd fired at, so I thought I'd *kill* one to-day, and while I looked to see if that was really dead, the others slipt by me." "Done like a sportsman, Geordy—one dead deer is worth a dozen crippled ones. I remember—once, your powder was too weak—and next, your shot was too small—and next, your aim was somewhat wild—and one went off bored of an ear—and another nick'd of a tail. You are bound to set up an infirmary across the river, for the dismembered deer you have despatched there! You have done well to *kill*—let it grow into a habit. Nimrod to the South-west, said you? That rascal is a born economist—and not a foot will he budge in pursuit of a *living deer*, after your horn has told him there is *venison* in the rear! Ruler will drive *his* deer across the river. Rowser, to the marshes. Nimrod's quarry is the only one likely to halt and give us another chance." And sure enough, there came Nimrod trotting back on his track—his nose cocked up in air, as if to endorse and verify the inferences of his *ear*—his tail curied and standing out from his body, at an angle of 45°. "This is the safe play—hang up the deer—sound your horn till the hounds come in from their several chases—and then for Nimrod's lead! to Chapman's bays, I think—there are some sheltered nooks in which they will stop and bask, when they find themselves unpursued." "I'll go in with the boys," says Love-leap, with an unconcerned air but a sly twinkle of the eye,

which did not escape his comrades—"As you like Geordy; and I will mind the stands."

Some time was lost before the hounds could be drawn from their several chases, yet as emulation did not "prick them on," they came the sooner for being scattered. Loveleap heads the drivers—and it was just what we had anticipated, when before a single dog had given tongue, we heard him fire—then came a burst—then a second barrel, but to our great surprise, no horn announced the expected success. The report of that gun went unquestioned, in our sporting circle—it was in a manner axiomatic, in wood-craft mysteries—and passed current with all who heard it—for thus much—"a deer is killed." Loveleap did an extraordinary thing that day—he *missed!* but the drivers could not understand, and the hounds would not believe it: so they rushed madly away in pursuit, as if it was not possible for the quarry long to escape. "Push on," says Geordy, "they make for the river!" and away we went. We reined in a minute at the ford; and finding that they had already outstripped us and were bearing down for Chapman's fort—a mile to the West of our position—we struck across for the marshes South of us, where we might, if he was a young deer, intercept him on his return to his accustomed haunts. If an old buck, we had no chance; *he* is sure to set a proper value on his life, and seldom stops until he has put a river between his pursuer and himself.

Taking advantage of a road that lay in our way, we soon cleared the woods, and entered an old field that skirted the marsh. It was a large waving plain of rank broom-grass, chequered here and there by stripes of myrtle and marsh mallows. "So far, Geordy," said I, "we have kept one track—now let us separate. The hounds are out of hearing, and we have little chance for any game but such as we may rouse without their help. How delightfully sheltered is this spot—how completely is it shut in by that semi-circle of woods from the sweep of the North-west winds! How genially the sun pours down upon it! Depend upon it, we shall find some luxurious rogues basking in this warm nook—for next to your Englishman, a deer is the greatest epicure alive! Now then, by separate tracks, let us make across the old field—a blast of the horn will bring us together when we reach the marsh."

By separate tracks then we moved, and had not advanced two hundred yards, when crack! went Geordy's gun. I looked in the direction of the report—and his head only was visible above the sea of marsh mallows. The direction of his

face I could see, and *that* was pointed towards me. *Towards me* then, thought I, runs the deer. I reined in my horse, and turned his head in that direction. It was such a thickly woven mass of mallows and myrtle—high as my shoulders as I sat in the saddle—that there was little hope of being able to see the game. I trusted to my ear to warn me of his approach, and soon heard the rustling of the leaves and the sharp quick leap, which mark the movement of a deer at speed. I saw him not until he appeared directly under my horse's nose, in act to leap; he vaulted, and would have dropped upon my saddle, had he not seen the horse while yet poised in air, and (by an effort like that of the tumbler who throws a somerset) twisted himself suddenly to my right. He grazed my knee in his descent; and as he touched the earth I brought my gun down, pistol-fashion with a rapid twitch, and sent the whole charge through his back bone. It was so instantaneous—so like a flash of lightning that I could scarcely credit it, when I saw the deer twirling and tumbling over at my horse's heels. Dismounting to secure him, it was some time before his muscular action was sufficiently overcome to allow me to use my knife. He struggled and kicked—I set down my gun, the better to master him. In the midst of my employment, crack went Geordy's second barrel, nearer than at first—and *mind! mind!* followed the discharge. Before I could drop my knife and gain my feet, another deer was upon me! He followed directly in the track of the former, and passed between my horse and me, so near that I might have bayoneted him! Where was my gun? lost in the broom grass! What a trial! I looked all around in an instant, and spying it where it lay, caught it eagerly up—the deer had disappeared! It flashed across me, that underneath these myrtles the limbs excluded from the sun had decayed; and that in the vistas thus formed, a glimpse of the deer might yet be gained. In an instant I am on my knees, darting the most anxious glances along the vista—the flash of a tail is seen—I fire—a struggle is heard—I press forward through the interlacing branches—and to my joy and surprise, *another deer is mine!* Taking him by the legs I drag him to the spot where the other lay. Then was it *my* turn to sound a “vaunty” peal! Geordy pealed in answer, and soon appeared dragging a deer of his own, (having missed one of those that I had killed.) Three deer were started—they were all at our feet—and that *without the aid of a dog!* It was the work of five minutes! We piled them in a heap, covered them with branches of myrtle, and tasked our horns to the uttermost to recall the field. One by one the

hounds came in—smelt at the myrtle bushes—seemed satisfied, though puzzled—wagged their tails—and coiling themselves each in his proper bed, lay down to sleep. Yet had any stranger approached that myrtle-covered heap every back would have bristled, and a fierce cry of defiance would have broken forth from every tongue then so mute.

At last came Loveleap, fagged, and somewhat fretted, by his ill-success. “I have been blowing till I’ve split my wind, and not a dog has come to my horn. How came you thrown out? and why have you kept up such an incessant braying of horns? Why how is this? the dogs are here!” “Yes! they have shown their sense in coming to us—there’s been butchery hereabouts!” “One of P——’s cartle killed by the runaways, I suppose.” “Will you lend us your boy to bring a cart?” said I. “Certainly,” says Loveleap, “it will make such a feast for the dogs—but where is the cow?” “*Here!*” says Geordy—kicking off the myrtle skreen, and revealing to the sight of his astonished comrade—*our three layers of venison!!* Oh, you should have seen Loveleap’s face!!!

The cart is brought, and our four deer are soon on their way home. Do you think we accompanied them? No! We were so merciless as to meditate still further havoc. The day was so little spent—and as our hands were in—and there was just in the next drive an overgrown old buck, who had often had the insolence to baffle us—No! we must take a drive for him! Again the hounds are thrown into cover—headed by our remaining driver: but in the special object of our move we failed—the buck had decamped! Still *the fortune of the day* attended us; and an inquisitive old turkey gobbler, having ventured a peep at Geordy where he lay in ambush, was sprawled by a shot from his gun, and was soon seen dangling from his saddle bow.

This closed our hunt—and now that we have a moment’s breathing time, tell me brother sportsmen! who may chance to read this veritable history—has it ever been your fortune—in a single day’s hunt, and as the *spoils* of two gunners only—to bring home four deer and a wild turkey? Ye gastronomes! who relish the proceeds of a hunt better than its toils and perils—a glance at that larder, if you please! Look at that fine bird—so carefully hung up by the neck—his spurs are an inch and a half in length—his beard eight inches—what an ample chest! what glossy plumage! his weight is twenty-five pounds!—and see that brave array of haunches! *that* is of a buck of two years—juicy, tender, but not fat—capital for steaks! but your eye finds some-

thing yet more attractive—the *saddle* of a four year old doe, kidney covered as you see—a morsel more savory smokes not upon a monarch's board. How pleasant to eat—shall I say it? how much pleasanter to give away! Ah, how such things do win their way to *hearts*—men's—and women's too! My young sporting friends, a word in your ear—the worst use you can make of your game, is to eat it yourselves. Ye city sportsmen! (we mean par excellence, the sportsmen of the *Commercial Emporium*,) who with abundant pains and trouble, and with note of fearful preparation, marshal your forces for a week's campaign among the plains of Long Island, or the barrens of Jersey—and in reward of your toil, bag one brace of grouse, or enjoy a *glorious snap* at some straggling deer, that escapes *of course* to tempt another party to your hopes and disappointments! Ye city sportsmen, who go so far, and get so little for your pains—what think ye of the execution done on this day, in a chase which cost us no extraordinary trouble, and never took us five miles from our winter homes? Or, ye enthusiasts in sport! who import from our shores the game your own inhospitable winters deny to your wishes—whose *purchased* partridges leave their travelling coops, to hibernate in the warm attic of a Broadway palace—thence to be transferred in the spring to the *protected* covers of Long Island—there to pair and rear broods, to be bagged in September, by the same paternal hand that imported and domesticated the present stock!—What think ye of sport like this? Ours was no *preserve* shooting! We were not popping over our own nurselings! They were wild deer, of the wild woods, that we slew this day at Chee-Ha!! Ye are of the right metal we know, and it would please us to see you some day among us—and mark the throb of a new delight springing in your bosoms, as you sweep along with the rush of the hounds, and fling the cares of life far, far behind you.

VENATOR.

AND THOU WILT BE ANOTHER'S BRIDE.

MUSIC—THE BRIDE.

AND thou wilt be another's bride,
And bless him with the smile
That, through so many weary years,
Has cheered my heart the while.
For him thou hast recalled the vow,
I thought so true and deep ;—
Oh ! may'st thou learn to keep the faith,
For me thou could'st not keep.

I have no thought of ill for thee,
No wish but for thy weal ;
I would not even thou should'st know
All I have felt and feel :—
And if a broken spirit's prayer
Can aught avail on high,
Thou shalt not shed a bitter tear,
Nor breathe a painful sigh !

I walk upon the joyous earth,
A lone and stricken thing ;
And thoughts of deep and dark despair
Their shadows round me fling :
But oh ! 'twill sweeten that last hour
I feel already near ;
To know that o'er my lonely grave
Thou'll drop a heart-felt tear.

HOBBIES—FAVORITE THEORIES, &c.

HOBBIES are the nags of the mind, the wild colts of imagination, that run off with their riders, and break the necks of their circumstances. It is surprising to see how many of these riders are tumbled daily into ditches, rise again, remount, and taking no counsel from experience run over precisely the same ground, to renew the same difficulties, and enjoy the same tumble. Your hobby-rider is indeed, the most inveterate in his pursuit, and resolute in his career, of all other sorts of equestrians. He would make a first rate express, could he be kept in track. There would be no

stopping him; but, like the fellow with a magic leg in the German story, he would run on to eternity, in spite of all the bellowings and the entreaties of time.

Your theorists are of this complexion. They seize on some disconsolate fact, that looks strange and new only from want of company. They press it into the service, and mount for a ride. They take every direction, and assume that all streets, routes, alleys and by-roads were made expressly for the nag that they straddle, until bumping their occiputs against a curb-stone or a house corner, they dash out their disordered brains, and in the confusion of the accident the nag escapes. A fact may very well be lost now and then, since so many are made daily.

It is amusing, in looking over old books, and indeed new ones, to count up the number of those theorists who have gone mad upon a single truth, and sometimes with but half a truth. How savagely and rapidly thousands of them have cantered to the d——l upon a wooden horse—upon the spider shanks of a dream, a faggot, or a fancy. What a race have they had through life. Gilpin's was but child's play to it. By the way, I think by Gilpin's ride, Cowper intended to give a history of the gallop of a theorist. Such are the men, who have but partial glimmerings of the quickening spirit which is abroad in the land, who grasp the tail of an idea, and as the grasp becomes natural and easy, trouble themselves to seek no farther for the body. These are your dreamers who are ever in pursuit of those *ignes fatui* of the mind which, without being too fishy in our figures, we may call the eels of the imagination. These are your dreamers who seek after notions instead of knowledge, and instead of awakening and growing alive to real and immortal life, dream away their actual existence.

The history of favorite and foiled theories would be an exceedingly curious and interesting one; and would serve, we think, with a proper commentary running through it, to counsel the young beginner against any undue indulgence of imagination, whenever it begins to make its assault upon reason and the day's experience. Under this head, and in this history, may very well be included the superstitions of great men, which have made even the greatest, victims at moments to the most mortifying weaknesses. The curious phantoms of Cæsar and of Brutus, the self-deceiving practices of the augurs, the sooth-sayers, and the diviners, of profane history, being the result of diseased minds under the impulse of unregulated fancies, would be a valuable, as it would be a curious and amusing study. How

strange to hear—how difficult to believe—that Aristotle drowned himself in the Euripus (though we have the authority of Gregory Naycanzin and Justin Martyr for it,) in order to discover how it came to ebb and flow seven times a day. What a strange thing that the distress of the ingenious Kepler should almost amount to insanity, on hearing of Galileo's discovery of the four satellites of Jupiter, as the discovery overthrew a favorite theory, which he had established to his own satisfaction, which assumed a relationship between the octave in music and the planetary system. Like all other theorists he would much rather have overthrown the stars themselves than his own theory in regard to them. These are cases where the imaginative faculty fought against truth and reason. Of a less presumptuous character was the notion of Herschel that the grain crops are sensibly influenced by the spots on the sun, and that by closely observing them the prices in the corn market might, in most seasons, be readily anticipated. There may be some truth in this theory, if it can be shown that these spots in the sun affect the temperature; but true or not, it would be a most amusing spectacle to behold a wholesale dealer in Flint and Tuscarora looking through a telescope at the sun, for a proper market rate, upon receiving his orders for a thousand bushels. There would be much more star-gazing among merchants, than at present, could this theory be established.

Hobbies and theories are innocent things enough so long as the fancy trifles only with the unknown regions, where truth dare not and cannot go; but the moment she presumes upon her neighbor's boundaries, and offers battle with common sense and daily experience, then the heels of the hobby become dangerous, and she cannot too soon be brought back to a proper sense of her dependant situation. This necessity is but too little insisted upon. Fancy is sometimes suffered to take too many liberties, and she brings her allies sometimes into grievous disrepute. From too much confounding of mere fancy with poetry and the works of imagination, unreflecting people have come to the conclusion that they are identical—that poetry and flummery are the same, and that a world of dream and vapor—which is never poetry—compensates well enough for the absence of every thing like common sense.

Poetry is, in literature, the very perfection of art and wisdom. It is, perhaps, the very perfection of all arts, as it is the crowning science. All of the *great* poets have been *great* men. We speak of the truly great poets, not of the small versifiers—the dreamers—the pretenders. Milton,

Shakspeare, Homer, Byron, Scott, were all remarkable for their wonderful common sense, with which they took good care to ballast, and make durable and steady that strong imagination, and etherial fancy, which were as the broad sails and the obedient winds, to the noble ship which they bear along in her march over the mighty waters. Defying the storm, and glorying in the sunshine, the goodly vessel, freighted with the wealth and the supplies of nations, sails steadily to her haven, and, burthened with a mighty labor and a heavy freight, her toils are yet noble in the highest degree, and her struggle through them a triumph, which the very tempest heightens, the billows honor, and the skies crown with a fitting glory.

BULWER—D'ISRAELI—VENETIA.*

IF we mistake not, the voice of fashion and the will of the majority have constituted Bulwer king of the modern novelists. It seems to be almost a settled point, that he excels all his contemporaries, and has succeeded to the throne of the Wizard of the North. But it may be, as it has been before, that the majority is in error, and that most infallible judge, fashion itself, mistaken. Though we submit ourselves, as in duty bound, to the powers that be, yet we confess ourselves of the minority, who would give the crown to D'Israeli, and displace the monarch of King Numbers. We think nature has been more bountiful to him. She has endowed him with an intenser spirit; she has gifted him with a larger share of that creative power which the world has baptised "genius." Throughout the works of Bulwer, over all his pages can be seen a refined taste, controlling; harmonizing, composing; reducing his varied materials to order, and disposing them with effect; from every quarter culling appropriate imagery, and assimilating the thoughts and sentiments of others; you feel that if you are dealing with an author of some genius, you are also conversing with the pages of one of still greater talent and art. The copyist too often arrests your attention. The voice of another is too often recognized. You cannot accede to him the highest merit—originality. And it is precisely in the points upon which he plumes himself—his sentiment and imagery, that he is most a

* Venetia—by the author of "Vivian Grey" and "Henrietta Temple," 2 vols., E. L. Carey and A. Hart, Philadelphia, 1837.

plagiarist and least original. And these are the chief charm of his writings. In them lies the spell which holds the world bound. But his talisman came to him at second hand, and is at best a thing of partnership, a compost and an manufacture—and we are swayed, not by the form in which it greets our vision, or the drapery with which he has disguised it, but by the intrinsic virtue, whose creation and vitality was the work of another. D'Israeli wields a talisman all his own. He neither bought it, borrowed it, nor stole it—it came to him, the free gift of nature—as much his own as the song of the nightingale—as distinct from any other as the notes of the nightingale from those of the lark. You are the subject of a new spell, and stand entranced by a song you never heard before—its *like* even, you have never listened to, and it recalls no other voice. He has opened to the world an intellectual region, as virgin as that which greeted the children of the North, when from out the waves rose upon their delighted senses the flowery and odorous shores of Florida—its sweeps of decorated prairie, and gorgeous savannas of oriental growth; its resplendent skies of quivering snowy lustre; its balmy gales, dissolving the spirit in luxury, and wooing it to soft repose. So surprised and delighted was the world, when Vivian Grey made its appearance. And the ocean tost stranger did not roam through the sunny fields of the new found land with a more eager and startled curiosity, than did the reading world hurry through the passionate, wild, vivid pages of Vivian Grey.

In point of novelty and freshness, we connect it but with one incident in *our* experience. It recalls to mind, when for the first time in the same land of flowers, a flock of parquettes, like a cloud of gold and green, with their bright plumage glancing in the sun, darted, with chattering noise, by us. We stood in mute amaze, and with child-like wonder, followed the brilliant winged spectacle 'till it vanished from our sight. It came upon our vision—a revelation. It spoke of another clime. It told of another sun and brighter skies. And not only in novelty, but in similarity of character, may the genius of D'Israeli be compared to the brilliant spectacle we have recalled, and to the gay land in which we witnessed it. His spirit belongs to the South and to the East. Their birds glitter not with a more gorgeous plumage, nor sing a more witching song; their sky glows not with a more vivid lustre; their gales are burdened with no richer odor; in all, and over all there broods not a more dissolving voluptuousness. Luxuriance, prodigality and waste: a wild mingling and confusion of delights; eccentric, errant, wanton; a bewildering maze;—but life is there, life in its intensity, the

very riot and revelry of life—the earth glowing, teeming, rejoicing beneath the quickening glances of its burning sun. It is in this attribute of life, and the life-giving power, that D'Israeli outstrips Bulwer. It is in this incommunicable gift, which cannot be purchased by labor; which study may in vain attempt to win; before which men fold their arms, and are content to despair, and to admire where'er it manifests itself, whether in the voice of the orator, or the wondrous forms of the sculptor, or the ardent creations of the painter; it is in this power and quality—which may be mimicked and imitated, but cannot be reached—which comes to a privileged few, the grace and bounty of nature, a distinction, a dignity, flowing from royal prerogative, and granted at her queenly pleasure.

But we have been seduced from Venetia.—And we must commence our comments by saying, that we have been in a pet with our favorite since we have read this, his last work. It is a most provoking book. We cannot fail to admire it in its details, and must condemn it as a whole. As to its plot it may be truly said, that it is a maze without a plan. And to its catastrophe, it is revolting, unnecessary, out of keeping, and stupid. In the management and conclusion of his story he seems to have taken for a model any one of a hundred of the stanzas of *Don Juan*, seven out of eight of whose first lines delight you with the beauty and sweetness of the poetry, but the seventh or eighth comes a sarcasm and a sneer, and flings down and converts into mockery the idol he has raised for your worship. To give point to our illustration, we will quote the inspired description of a rainbow, after a storm at sea.

“ Now over head a rainbow bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue :
And all within its arch appeared to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Waxed broad and waving like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these ship-wrecked men.

It changed, of course ; a heavenly chameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every color into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle,
(*For sometimes we must box without the muffle.*”)

It seems to us nothing short of monstrous to wed his heroine after the death of Cadurcis. And if she must be mar-

ried, (to please those who shall be nameless,) surely not to such an one. But we should have been permitted to see her shattered mind, and lacerated, exhausted feelings, find their proper refuge in the grave, or a solace in religion, and a retreat in profound retirement. But after making her *all* a heroine—high-toned, imaginative, ambitious, sympathizing with nothing less than the ideal of her glorious father, and that ideal realized in her lover, Cadurcis; after giving away her whole heart to Cadurcis, and finding in his genius a full response to all her lofty aspirings—after this, when he is snatched away from her, in the very spring tide of her love, and she is presented before you a widow in spirit, broken, blighted, blasted—ready for the quiet of the tomb—then, in a few short months, to have your sensibilities mocked by her appearing before you as a bride—and the bride of a mere clever fellow—with not one quality in harmony with her whole elaborated character—it is indeed a most inconsequential, “lame and impotent conclusion.” The marriage of the Queen in Hamlet is nothing to it. Our heroine had not outlived the romance of life, and she is painted as romance itself; she is a widow without having been a wife; the glory and beauty, the life of life, had with her vanished forever, and our author had prepared you to believe that she could live for nothing less; and the bird, with wounded breast and broken wing, should have been allowed to yield its gentle spirit in the depths of the forest, and not been the *victim* of a miracle which revolts you, and made again to cleave the air, and mingle with the flock. Shakspeare could have furnished a parallel to this—but he would not have been Shakspeare if he had. Should he have restored Ophelia again to reason, and after standing by the open grave of Hamlet, made her survive him, to wed some stolid Danish Thane, he could not have more shocked our sensibilities—he could not have committed a grosser violation of all moral harmony—he could not have struck a more grating note of discord. Ophelia and Venetia alike had been stricken by lightning, and it had reached the core: they had been rendered sacred by a killing grief: the black veil thrown over them by sorrow, should have never more been lifted by *earthly* hand.

The author does not attempt to veil his intention of drawing Lord Byron under the name of his hero, and it is because he has made the portrait so exact in most points, putting the sentiment, and almost the very language of Byron into his mouth; surrounding him with the same leading circumstances, and in every way identifying him with Byron in the mind of the reader, that we feel disposed to find fault with him in

two particulars. We wish to try D'Israeli by the standard which he has raised for himself. His aim was to draw a faithful likeness of the moral history of Byron; and he was perfectly at liberty to vary his *fortunes* at will, so long as he did not violate the very *basis of his character*; but when he makes out Cadurcis a tory, sympathizing with the ministry which attempted to strike down American Independence; when he represents him as a docile scholar, submitting to the authorities of College, with proper reverence for his teachers, he violates the ideal which he has contributed to raise in the mind, and not only departs from, but reverses the essential elements of Byron's character. The whole history, and the entire character of Byron, from childhood to his grave, forbid this to be true. It was his misfortune, or his fault, never to learn to put restraint upon himself. He abhorred all shackles on his will, and made perpetual war on all authority. His own caprices were the only government which he ever acknowledged. He was a wilful son; he was a wayward pupil; he was a self-exiled citizen; he was a doubter, if not an infidel, in religion; he was a self-divorced husband. He snapt every tie which society imposes on its subjects, and rendered only that homage to heaven which mind would render to mind. And true to this, the *only* fixed principle of his character, from which it never varied, he not only opposed authority in his own person, but he sympathized with freedom wherever its flag was seen flying. Whether it was in ancient or modern Greece, in America, in Spain, in France, this spirit stirring cause always challenged the loftiest strains of his muse, and finally received the sacrificial dedication of his life. The Gracchi, Brutus, Washington, William Tell, Alfred, the distinguished champions of liberty, in every age, have found no where nobler consecration than in his verse. How utterly inconsistent with such a character the following passages:

“The reader will not, therefore, be surprised if, at this then unrivalled period of political excitement, when the existence of our *colonial empire* was at stake, Cadurcis, with his impetuous failings, had imbibed to their fullest extent all the plans, prejudices, and passions of his political connexions, (the tories.) Then he dwelt upon his casual acquaintance with London society, and lady Annabel was gratified to observe, from many incidental observations, that his principles were, in every respect, of the right tone; and that he had zealously enlisted himself in the ranks of that National party, who opposed themselves to the disorganizing opinions then afloat. He spoke of his impending residence at the Univer-

sity with the affectionate anticipations which might have been expected from a *devoted child of the ancient and orthodox institutions of his country, and seemed perfectly impressed with the responsible duties for which he was destined, as an hereditary legislator of England.*" "The evening drew on apace, and lady Annabel was greatly pleased when Lord Cardurcis expressed *his wish to remain for their evening prayers. He was indeed sincerely religious.*" And we may here remark as to the last quotation, that Byron would have remained for prayers, and would have borne himself with reverence, and rendered decent respect to the sincere religion and worship of which he might chance to be a witness—but he never would have been guilty of the active hypocrisy of expressing the wish attributed to him. Aside of these strange misconceptions of the character of Byron, Cadurcis is Byron to the life—is Byron himself. In fact he has painted him with his own colors. His boyish love is most truly and beautifully imagined and developed. This alone would redeem the two volumes if all the rest were trash.

We have seen it suggested in authoritative quarters, that Herbert was intended to shadow out the character of Shelley. We may be wrong, but it seems to us that Herbert is Byron, and made to sustain, with the same character, different relations from Cadurcis, but both together the relations which Byron held at different periods of his life. Who is lady Herbert but lady Byron—the cool, proud, inflexible lady Byron? Who is Venetia but Byron's daughter, shut out from all communion with her father? Who is Herbert separated from his wife, living in a foreign land, and not living alone, but with another, but Byron with his Guiccioli? To sustain our point we will trespass largely by a long quotation from Byron himself, descriptive of his position in relation to his lady and daughter.

"My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—
I see thee not—I hear thee not—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart—when mine is cold—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

To aid thy mind's developement—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,

And print on thy soft cheek, a parent's kiss—
 This it should seem was not reserved for me;
 Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
 I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

Yet, though dull hate as duty should be taught,
 I know that thou wilt love me; *though my name*
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation—and a broken claim:
 Though the grave closed between us, 'twere the same—
 I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain
 My blood from out thy being, were an aim,
 And an attainment—all would be in vain—
 Still thou would'st love me, still that more than life retain.

The child of love—though born in bitterness,
 And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
 These were the elements—and thine no less.
 As yet such are around you,—but thy fire,
 Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.
 Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,
 And from the mountains where I now respire,
 Fain would I waft *such* blessing upon thee,
 As with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me."

Childe Harold, Canto IV.

Is not this the germ and living outline of all the feelings which are given to lady Herbert, Venetia and Herbert himself, and do they not all circle round and connect themselves naturally and irresistibly with Byron. Do not these lines contain the pregnant hints, the vivid touches, which D'Israeli has seized upon, and wrought into full and complete pictures? In part, it strikes us, that not the least among the prominent defects of the plot of this book is, that the characters of Herbert and Cadurcis are not discriminated and distinguished, but are both continually starting up before you, with the marked lineaments of Byron. This confusion of character entangles the whole story, and perplexes you at every step. It is impossible to escape from this impression, and the mind is bewildered in beholding Byron in the paradoxical position of courting his own daughter Venetia, as Cadurcis, and afterwards receiving her from himself as Herbert the father, to himself, as Cadurcis the lover. This manufacturing of two characters out of one, or making the same person appear in different parts, may pass at the Circus, but is out of place in a romance, especially as they are sometimes both on the stage together.

We have one more complaint to make—and that is—against some flowers of West-End high life morality, which are unnecessarily introduced by the author in his own pro-

per person, by way of reflection. These could not be the growth of any honest soil, and would more properly grace the pages of Don Juan. They neither belong to, nor adorn Venetia. They detract from the character of both book and author; and carry no such special beauty or brilliancy, with them, as to compensate for their pernicious odors. We have now done with fault finding; and would like to dwell at equal length on the crowded and clustering beauties, both of style and incident, of these beautiful volumes. As we have remarked before—the early love of Byron is perfect. None but one endowed with kindred sensibilities, could have drawn it so vividly, so truly, with such nearness of distinction, with such delicate shades. All the love of the poet boy is here—the lonely, the proud, the wayward, the imaginative, the jealous, the dreamy, the fond and passionate boy. And what an exquisite creation is Venetia. And with what power and subtlety of thought has he displayed the workings of a daughter's mind, haunted by the mystery of a father's character and destiny—whom she has never seen, whose fate and name never escapes her mother's lips—shut out from her as a spell still fraught with desolation. And how naturally is this mystery made to obtain the entire mastery of her whole being; to usurp every thought; to become a fascination which draws her on, with an irresistible charm. And what amazing breathless intensity he has given to the scene in which she discovers the portrait of her father—how thrilling and electric! We must give that portrait as it is given by D'Israeli, and ask if Herbert be not Byron. "It was a countenance of singular loveliness and power. *The lips and the moulding of the chin resembled the eager and impassioned tenderness of the shape of Antinous*; but instead of the effeminate sullenness of the eye, and the narrow smoothness of the forehead, shone an expression of profound and piercing thought. On each side of the clear and open brow descended, even to the shoulders, the clustering locks of golden hair; while the eyes, large and yet deep, beamed with a spiritual energy, and shone like two wells of chrystalline water that reflect the all beholding heaven." And among the number of the beauties of Venetia, we must notice the scenes in which Herbert meets his lady, and above all the one in which he is finally reconciled to her. Their pathos is a little too touching for the philosophy of ordinary hearts to resist. Read them who can with dry eyes.

We take our leave of Venetia, hoping that all its readers will be as much pleased with it as we were, and fearing that they will be as much annoyed.

G. S. B.

ETCHINGS OF CHARACTER,

SENT ME BY MY FRIEND WILL WHIPPORWILL, FROM THE COUNTRY, TO HAVE FRAMED.

BY WM. WRAGG SMITH, ESQ.

—
NUMBER ONE.
—

IN *my parish*—I need not tell you the name of it; suffice it to say, that of all the Saints, it is the most Saintly; being the largest—the most populous; sending, next to St. Philip's and St. Michael's, the greatest number of representatives to the legislature, (I won't say of the greatest talent); beating all others for hospitality and boon-companionship; excelling in first rate planters and swamp lands, on which, even I mine humble self, though no planter, turn out from every acre of "the blessing," every year, eighty bushels, fair measurement, clear product of flail and scaffold—four barrels out of mill. Now I am not telling you a lie—you may ask any man in the parish, and he'll tell you the same thing; for no man on *our* river ever thinks of making less. Why I've seen the mud floating down so thick on Caw-caw river that a fish couldn't jump up through it, and in spring time you couldn't for the life of you see the scales on an alligator's back, nor his eyes, as he floated along—I'll be curst if he wouldn't be *deposited* all over—it's a fact. But of *our* parish, as I was saying—it has also the best and smartest negroes of any in the country; they can finish a task two hours sooner, and thrash a floor more by sunrise, than any other negroes in any other parish that I have ever seen. I can lie in bed of a cold frosty morning, and hear cousin Charlie's gang a going it—a rappety, bappety—floppety, floppety—and his plantation is full six miles off, if it's a mile. There are more deer in *our* parish than in any two put together. Ask any of those men who are great hunters—the Warrens, Watsons, Wilson, Ned Throttlebuck, little Jim Gallburster; ask any of them—they'll all tell you that they've rode, some of them sixty and seventy miles, to come and hunt with me and uncle Barney, and that they come regularly and hunt with us two or three times a year, because they know deer are more plenty in *our* parish than in any other. Consequently, also, we have the finest horses and dogs, and the best drivers; but to describe these to you would form an episode long enough, of itself, for a number; and as I have mentioned a sufficient number of the many claims of *our* parish to pre-eminence, I will finish this long

parenthesis, (into which I would not have digressed had I not stumbled at the threshold upon the *homogeneous** words *my parish*;) with one offset, which is—that we have the worst commissioners and roads to be found any where. The chief cause of the former is, that your humble servant has been the Chairman of the Board for the last ten years; and he being naturally lazy about business matters, and generally too much occupied with hunting, the commissioners have never been called together more than twice during that period. The first time, as the meeting was held at my house, I could not do otherwise than give a blow out, and in the midst of our discussions we all got so drunk that the business was indefinitely postponed. The next time we met on neutral ground in the parish house, and we got a little farther on; work was actually commenced, and the road *corduroyed* for upwards of twenty yards; but in the midst of all our energy a gentleman's horse having unluckily got lamed by stumbling into a hole between the logs, the question was propounded among us—*whether mending roads did not make them worse*; and it was unanimously agreed, *that it did*; and thereupon it was resolved, that for the future *they must take care of themselves*. We considered ourselves pretty safe from a prosecution, as in *our parish* all, with scarcely an exception, are gentlemen, and no one gentleman would prosecute another. But the roads themselves were naturally so villanous from the beginning, that nearly every one agreed with us that it was a hopeless expense of labor to do any thing to them. They, for the most part, passed through low swampy grounds, and consisted of that abominable stiff clay, which glues a horse's legs, and makes him bob his head at every step, and which is redolent of such a peculiar sour savor as your wheels turn it up.

It used to amuse me to see my uncle Barney ploughing along through Caw-caw swamp, on Billy Button, his favorite hunting nag, who had borne his weight now for ten years, and who knew every stall on the road as well as he did his own *stall* in the stable, and how to pull his foot out of a belching clay hole soberly and easily, not unscientifically and foolishly hurrying through, like your vain, spirited, impatient, unsophisticated bloods. My uncle Barney was a stout corpulent man, and you might distinguish his round jolly figure, ever so

* As I am but a plain planter, and do not pretend to much knowledge of Greek and Latin, and am afraid of big words, the derivation of which I do not understand, it may be proper that I should inform the reader that I look upon the meaning of the word *homo-geneous* to be, relating to the *home* or place where one is *born*.

far off, as he came along slowly like a heavy Dutch merchantman in a storm, his bridle arm stretched out as far as his portly form would allow, and his double barrel rubbing on the mane of Billy Button. On this occasion he was in his element, and I never saw him in an ill humor—not even when, as once happened, just as the dogs had started, Billy Button most provokingly put his foot into a deep rut and stood stock still, while all the rest of the hunters dashed past, and left poor uncle Barney up to the girths in mud, where he had to wait better than an hour; at the end of which time, however, as good luck would have it, the deer ran back, and crossed the road not twenty yards from uncle Barney, who up with Betsy and downed him. “Ah you rogues,” he exclaimed, chuckling at the mortified looks of the young men who, as they rode up, cast sheeps’ eyes at the deer and at uncle Barney alternately, and began, one by one, to make excuses for leaving him in his extremity—“Ah, you rogues, you thought you had left me at a *bad stand*, did you? but you see, e’cod, it was a *good one*: take care another time how you leave me at a *back stand*.” And ever after that my uncle Barney used to say, punning, “I will take the *back stand*; for which,” said he, “I have *weighty* reasons, both ways: first, Billy Button has never been used to go faster than a walk, or a slow pace, with me, and you young chaps out ride me: secondly, I never *dis-mount* unless necessity compels me, for fear I may not be able to remount, and I break too many stirrup leathers if I get off and on too much.”

If, however, it happened, (which it did not often,) that my uncle Barney was driving his one horse waggon over Caw-caw swamp with his amiable spouse seated along side him, screaming, “Oh dear! oh dear!” and jutting her paste-board shoulders into his face at every plunge and jolt, he was sure to be put out of sorts; and regardless of the day, and of female delicacy, would fume and storm like a stage driver, at the same time that his fat red cheeks and good humored features would assume a cast of the most *amiable* rage. “Curse it!—what stupid folly to ride through all this mire and clay to go to church. Gracious Heaven! do my dear keep those cursed infernal shoulders of yours out of my eyes—blast the hole—that’s it animal—out my animal—poor animal! *Why* the deuce scream so my dear? For mercy’s sake recollect I have nerves—egad you’d make a capital deer driver—I think next time I go a hunting I’ll mount you on Slam-mekin instead of old brass throat Sip—Heavens and earth! I shall melt away with heat! Hang the parson! The best

I wish him is that he may stick until after dinner time in the biggest, deepest, stiffest hole in Caw-caw swamp!"—

"For shame, Barney," cried his horror stricken spouse, "you shock me; ar'n't you afraid to swear so—and to speak so blasphemously?"

"Afraid of what?"

"Why of getting into Satan's clutches—you had better begin to pray"—

"I'll defy Satan to scratch me up when I get six feet under Caw-caw clay! Besides, my dear, I've got a notion of my own, that when the world comes to an end, it will be turned upside down, and every thing then will be directly contrary to what it is now; and I mean when I'm buried to have Billy Button buried with me, over me, with his feet turned upwards. Now, my dear, you see when the world turns upside down I'll be right on top of Billy, ready to start; and as things will go by contraries then, Billy Button, instead of being the slowest of all beasts as he is now, will be the swiftest; and I, instead of being as heavy as a hogshead, will be light as a feather. Now Billy, who wont switch a hair of his tail or move the tip of his ear, if you blow a horn right over his forelock, will be so confoundedly scared then, when he hears the big horn which the parsons speak of, that he'll start off at such a devil of a rate, all wrath shan't be able to catch us."

My readers will think my uncle Barney a wicked old cock from this specimen of his ideas and language, but I can assure them that, with the exception of getting drunk, swearing, and never going to church, if he could possibly escape from his *better half*, who in this respect was his perfect antipode, my uncle Barney was an epitome of goodness, charity, generosity, hospitality, and all domestic virtues, and was universally beloved in the parish.—

In *my parish* then, (to make a beginning at last,) as you pass along Caw-caw swamp road, you will observe on your left hand, after passing the bridge, an antique, queer looking mansion, some little way from the road, at the head of a broad avenue of oaks. If you turn into this magnificent arcade on a bright spring morning, you may, if a painter, study perspective in perfection; revel in the grandeur of the deep shade, the drowsiness of the twilight amber shadows, and the shivering irradiance of the sunny expanse beyond; and learn all the glory of the living colors, from the purest sapphire which smiles over your head in yon translucent segment of the sky, supported, as it were, by those huge leafless limbs, or suspended amid these grey curtains, like the azure

shreds which break through mountain vapours, to the tender emerald of the close cropped sward beneath your feet, or the rich chrysophrase of yon unplanted rice field ennamelled over with the bright flowers of the Butterweed.—If you are a simple body like myself, and find yourself going up the avenue as often as I do, you will content yourself with pulling at the long garlands of moss which wave in your face as you ride along, watching the tame squirrels gambolling over the crooked limbs, and wood-peckers walking around the enormous trunks; but more especially will your eyes be directed to the white walls, (now dingy and somewhat green with the damp and mould of time) of the hospitable dwelling before you; and you will be looking for the jolly and familiar face and figure of Barney, and expecting every moment to see his fat form filling the porch, as he stands ready to welcome you, and summons with his whistle half a dozen negro boys to be ready to take your horse.

My uncle Barney was not rich—neither was he poor—he was in moderate circumstances; and he had a moderate family—two sons who were grown up and were already doing something for themselves, and one daughter on the verge of seventeen. He had a tolerably good plantation of about 150 acres of inland swamp principally, with a small belt of ordinary cotton land, and a force of about forty workers. He was no planter himself, and too much given to company and hunting to look well after his business; and what with negligence, and indulgence to his overseers and negroes, he had not laid up much, though he generally got through the year comfortably enough, living, as he did, the whole of his time in the country. His eldest son Joe afterwards managed the plantation, but he was always five days at least in the week either fishing or hunting, and he would not unfrequently take the driver out of the field to drive deer, so that there was no work done on those days. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, my uncle Barney's annual income rarely fell short of two thousand dollars, to which ten thousand dollars in bank stock added a matter of about six hundred more.

As regards family, that is birth, (for which we are great sticklers in *our parish*,) my uncle Barney's was, like his means, good enough. He was descended from one of the oldest settlers in Carolina, and his French progenitors ranked among the Manigaults, Porchers, Duboses, De Leisselines, &c. &c. From this venerable source he derived the ancient patrimony of Buckhall; but his father had married an overseer's daughter, and this unfortunate circumstance, and my

uncle Barney's living a quiet life altogether in the country, and rather going behind hand than thriving in the money way, had in some measure impaired his aristocratic pretensions.

It was a Christmas night—there was an *infair* at my uncle Barney's, (by an *infair* we mean in our parish any boon and bacchanalian meeting with a set purpose to get drunk.) I will describe the hall of festivity and the company. The room was a parallelogram approaching very nearly to a square, of moderate dimensions, darkly wainscotted, the embrasures of the windows in the thick walls deep, and the large oaken sills protruding inwards and forming seats, the panes many and small, of thick, coarse glass, and puttied clumsily both in and out. The fire place and hearth were ample—the mantle piece of blue-veined marble was smoke-stained and cracked in several places; and the only ornaments upon it were two plaster of paris images of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, one on either side, leering upon the company with their *fou eyes*; and in the middle between these usually was set (when not called in demand on festive occasions,) a large china goblet, quart measure, the handle representing a simpering, corpulent Bacchus, not unlike my uncle Barney himself, when in his cups. This potent goblet went by the name of the "*big gun*," and my uncle Barney, following the customs of the ancients, who introduced larger drinking vessels at the conclusion of an entertainment, was in the habit of "*firing the big gun*," as a *settler* at an *infair*.

Until within a few years past (since nullification and the railroad) our regular bred country gentlemen, who breathed nothing but swamp and pine barren air all the year round, seldom, if ever, got drunk on Madeira, Champaign, or Chateau Margeaux. A bottle or two of new Leacock, (or what at least was called such,) and one or two of flat Champagne perhaps, might make their appearance on the side board, and a glass or two go the rounds as a treat, though some staunch guest would often refuse it, saying that "wine soured on his stomach," and ask for brandy. But manners, in this respect, have improved much; and drinking, I believe, is not quite as common as it was at the period when my uncle Barney, (God bless his soul,) lived. Necessity, as well as habit, made most hosts spread their table with the stronger and cheaper liquors only, else few could have sustained the constant demands upon their hospitality. As it was, my uncle Barney's grocer's bill amounted annually to the half of his income.

I was late at the *infair*.—As my gig rolled along the frost-paved avenue, I heard the roaring throat of Charlie laying down the words of a convivial song which sounded to my

ears like the flails of his thrashing floor; while at the end of every chorus I distinctly recognized the hoarse diapason of my uncle Barney's voice, prolonged after the others, and grinding slowly, like some heavy piece of machinery in a mill out of order, which drowns, at certain intervals, the noise of wheels, pestle-shaft arms, grindstones, and every thing else. The song was just concluded as I entered the room.

After the deafening chorus, and the slapping and shouting and whooping, which ensued, on my cousin Charlie's throwing himself back on his chair, and puffing his re-lit cigar, my uncle Barney drawled out by himself, in a husky and cracked voice, the two last ultra lines of the song—

"Till—we can—no longer—think!
Till—the liquor—is—all done!"

—waving his head sideways like a barn owl, and snapping his eyes as though he was getting most gloriously drunk—then seizing a bottle by him and charging for himself the "big gun," he nodded solemnly to the company, and repeating a favorite saying of his, : "if a little is good, a heap must be better—gentlemen, your respects," he tossed off the buck-load at a tangent, (to use another of his expressions.)

The "big gun" went the rounds, and its discharge made a sensible impression upon the ranks of the Bacchanalians. I had, with the rest, swallowed my buck-load; but as I had escaped sundry previous slings and half and half brandy-and-water pulls, with which the rest had been plied, I was on vantage ground, and what I drank only sharpened my wits; so that I was in a proper state to make nice observations on the characters, idiosyncracies, and follies of my companions, which stood out in bold relief before me under the potent touch, and with all the truth of the master spirit *Grog*.

JUDGE HARPER'S MEMOIR ON SLAVERY.

[We lay before our readers a portion of the "Memoir on Slavery," read by Chancellor Harper, before "the South-Carolina Society, for the advancement of Learning," at its last meeting in Columbia. We feel well assured that we could not render them a more acceptable service. It is an able and masterly production, and is peculiarly valuable at this time, when the popular mind is so much excited on the subject. The learned author has accorded us the privilege of publishing the whole of it in successive numbers, before it is given to the public in any other shape.—Ed.]

MEMOIR ON SLAVERY.

THE institution of domestic slavery exists over far the greater portion of the inhabited earth. Until within a very few centuries, it may be said to have existed over the whole earth—at least in all those portions of it which had made any advances towards civilization. We might safely conclude then that it is deeply founded in the nature of man and the exigencies of human society. Yet, in the few countries in which it has been abolished—claiming, perhaps justly, to be farthest advanced in civilization and intelligence, but which have had the smallest opportunity of observing its true character and effects—it is denounced as the most intolerable of social and political evils. Its existence, and every hour of its continuance, is regarded as the crime of the communities in which it is found. Even by those in the countries alluded to, who regard it with the most indulgence or the least abhorrence—who attribute no criminality to the present generation—who found it in existence, and have not yet been able to devise the means of abolishing it, it is pronounced a misfortune and a curse injurious and dangerous always, and which must be finally fatal to the societies which admit it. This is no longer regarded as a subject of argument and investigation. The opinions referred to are assumed as settled, or the truth of them as self-evident. If any voice is raised among ourselves to extenuate or to vindicate, it is unheard. The judgment is made up. We can have no hearing before the tribunal of the civilized world.

Yet, on this very account, it is more important that we, the inhabitants of the slave holding States of America, insulated as we are, by this institution, and cut off, in some degree, from the communion and sympathies of the world by which we are surrounded, or with which we have intercourse, and exposed continually to their animadversions and attacks, should thoroughly understand this subject and our strength and weakness in relation to it. If it be thus criminal, dangerous and fatal; and if it be possible to devise means of freeing ourselves from it, we ought at once to set about the employing of those means. It would be the most wretched and imbecile fatuity, to shut our eyes to the impending dangers and horrors, and "drive darkling

down the current of our fate," till we are overwhelmed in the final destruction. If we are tyrants, cruel, unjust, oppressive, let us humble ourselves and repent in the sight of Heaven, that the foul stain may be cleansed, and we enabled to stand erect as having common claims to humanity with our fellow men.

But if we are nothing of all this; if we commit no injustice or cruelty; if the maintenance of our institutions be essential to our prosperity, our character, our safety, and the safety of all that is dear to us, let us enlighten our minds and fortify our hearts to defend them.

It is a somewhat singular evidence of the indisposition of the rest of the world to hear any thing more on this subject, that perhaps the most profound, original and truly philosophical treatise, which has appeared within the time of my recollection,* seems not to have attracted the slightest attention out of the limits of the slave holding States themselves. If truth, reason and conclusive argument, propounded with admirable temper and perfect candour, might be supposed to have an effect on the minds of men, we should think this work would have put an end to agitation on the subject. The author has rendered inappreciable service to the South in enlightening them on the subject of their own institutions, and turning back that monstrous tide of folly and madness which, if it had rolled on, would have involved his own great State along with the rest of the slave holding States in a common ruin. But beyond these, he seems to have produced no effect whatever. The denouncers of Slavery, with whose productions the press groans, seem to be unaware of his existence—unaware that there is reason to be encountered, or argument to be answered. They assume that the truth is known and settled, and only requires to be enforced by denunciation.

Another vindicator of the South has appeared in an individual who is among those that have done honour to American literature.† With conclusive argument, and great force of expression he has defended Slavery from the charge of injustice or immorality, and shewn clearly the unspeakable cruelty and mischief which must result from any scheme of abolition. He does not live among slave holders, and it cannot be said of him as of others, that his mind is warped by interest, or his moral sense blunted by habit and familiarity with abuse. These circumstances, it might be supposed, would have secured him hearing and consideration. He seems to be equally unheeded, and the work of denunciation disdaining argument, still goes on.

President Dew has shewn that the institution of Slavery is a principal cause of civilization. Perhaps nothing can be more evident than that it is the sole cause. If any thing can be predicated as universally true of uncultivated man, it is that he will not labour beyond what is absolutely necessary to maintain his existence. Labour is pain to those who are unaccustomed to it, and the nature of man

*President Dew's Review of the Virginia Debates on the subject of Slavery.

†Paulding on Slavery.

is averse to pain. Even with all the training, the helps and motives of civilization, we find that this aversion cannot be overcome in many individuals of the most cultivated societies. The coercion of Slavery alone is adequate to form man to habits of labour. Without it, there can be no accumulation of property, no providence for the future, no taste for comforts or elegancies, which are the characteristics and essentials of civilization. He who has obtained the command of another's labour, first begins to accumulate and provide for the future, and the foundations of civilization are laid. We find confirmed by experience that which is so evident in theory. Since the existence of man upon the earth, with no exception whatever, either of ancient or modern times, every society which has attained civilization, has advanced to it through this process.

Will those who regard Slavery as immoral, or crime in itself, tell us that man was not intended for civilization, but to roam the earth as a biped brute? That he was not to raise his eyes to Heaven, or be conformed in his nobler faculties to the image of his Maker? Or will they say that the Judge of all the earth has done wrong in ordaining the means by which alone that end can be attained? It is true that the Creator can make the wickedness as well as the wrath of man to praise him, and bring forth the most benevolent results from the most atrocious actions. But in such cases, it is the motive of the actor alone which condemns the action. The act itself is good, if it promotes the good purposes of God, and would be approved by him, if that result only were intended. Do they not blaspheme the providence of God who denounce as wickedness and outrage, that which is rendered indispensable to his purposes in the government of the world? Or at what stage of the progress of society will they say that Slavery ceases to be necessary, and its very existence becomes sin and crime? I am aware that such argument would have little effect on those with whom it would be degrading to contend—who pervert the inspired writings—which in some parts expressly sanction Slavery, and throughout indicate most clearly that it is a civil institution, with which religion has no concern—with a shallowness and presumption not less flagrant and shameless than his, who would justify murder from the text, "and Phineas arose and executed judgment."

There seems to be something in this subject, which blunts the perceptions, and darkens and confuses the understandings and moral feelings of men. Tell them that, of necessity, in every civilized society, there must be an infinite variety of conditions and employments, from the most eminent and intellectual, to the most servile and laborious; that the negro race, from their temperament and capacity, are peculiarly suited to the situation which they occupy, and not less happy in it than any corresponding class to be found in the world; prove incontestably that no scheme of emancipation could be carried into effect without the most intolerable mischiefs and calamities to both master and slave, or without probably throwing a large and fertile portion of the earth's surface out of the pale of civilization—and you have done nothing. They reply, that whatever may be the consequence,

you are bound to do *right*; that man has a right to himself, and man cannot have a property in man; that if the negro race be naturally inferior in mind and character, they are not less entitled to the rights of humanity; that if they are happy in their condition, it affords but the stronger evidence of their degradation, and renders them still more objects of commiseration. They repeat, as the fundamental maxim of our civil policy, that all men are born free and equal, and quote from our Declaration of Independence, "that men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable *rights*, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

It is not the first time that I have had occasion to observe that men may repeat with the utmost confidence, some maxim or sentimental phrase, as self-evident or admitted truth, which is either palpably false or to which, upon examination, it will be found that they attach no definite idea. Notwithstanding our respect for the important document which declared our independence, yet if any thing be found in it, and especially in what may be regarded rather as its ornament than its substance—false, sophistical or unmeaning, that respect should not screen it from the freest examination.

All men are born free and equal. Is it not palpably nearer the truth to say that no man was ever born free, and that no two men were ever born equal? Man is born in a state of the most helpless dependence on others. He continues subject to the absolute control of others, and remains without many of the civil, and all of the political privileges of his society, until the period which the laws have fixed, as that at which he is supposed to attain the maturity of his faculties. Then equality is further developed, and becomes infinite in every society, and under whatever form of government. Wealth and poverty, fame or obscurity, strength or weakness, knowledge or ignorance, ease or labor, power or subjection, make the endless diversity in the condition of men.

But we have not arrived at the profundity of the maxim. This inequality is in a great measure the result of abuses in the institutions of society. They do not speak of what exists, but of what ought to exist. Every one should be left at liberty to obtain all the advantages of society which he can compass, by the free exertion of his faculties, unimpeded by civil restraints. It may be said that this would not remedy the evils of society which are complained of. The inequalities to which I have referred, with the misery resulting from them, would exist in fact under the freest and most popular form of government that man would devise. But what is the foundation of the bold dogma so confidently announced? Females are human and rational beings. They may be found of better faculties and better qualified to exercise political privileges and to attain the distinctions of society than many men; yet who complains of the order of society by which they are excluded from them? For I do not speak of the few who would desecrate them; do violence to the nature which their Creator has impressed upon them; drag them from the position which they necessarily occupy for the existence of civilized society, and in which

they constitute its blessing and ornament—the only position which they have ever occupied in any human society—to place them in a situation in which they would be alike miserable and degraded. Low as we descend in combatting the theories of presumptuous dogmatists, it cannot be necessary to stoop to this. A youth of eighteen may have powers which cast into the shade those of any of his more advanced cotemporaries. He may be capable of serving or saving his country, and if not permitted to do so now, the occasion may have been lost forever. But he can exercise no political privilege or aspire to any political distinction. It is said that of necessity, society must exclude from some civil and political privileges those who are unfitted to exercise them, by infirmity, unsuitableness of character, or defect of discretion; that of necessity there must be some general rule on the subject, and that any rule which can be devised will operate with hardship and injustice on individuals. This is all that can be said and all that need be said. It is saying, in other words, that the privileges in question are no matter of natural right, but to be settled by convention, as the good and safety of society may require. If society should disfranchise individuals convicted of infamous crimes, would this be an invasion of natural right? Yet this would not be justified on the score of their moral guilt, but that the good of society required, or would be promoted by it. We admit the existence of a moral law, binding on societies as on individuals. Society must act in good faith. No man or body of men has a right to inflict pain or privation on others, unless with a view, after full and impartial deliberation, to prevent a greater evil. If this deliberation be had, and the decision made in good faith, there can be no imputation of moral guilt. Has any politician contended that the very existence of governments in which there are orders privileged by law, constitutes a violation of morality; that their continuance is a crime, which men are bound to put an end to without any consideration of the good or evil to result from the change? Yet this is the natural inference from the dogma of the natural equality of men as applied to our institution of slavery—an equality not to be invaded without injustice and wrong, and requiring to be restored instantly, unqualifiedly, and without reference to consequences.

This is sufficiently common-place, but we are sometimes driven to common-place. It is no less a false and shallow than a presumptuous philosophy, which theorizes on the affairs of men as of a problem to be solved by some unerring rule of human reason, without reference to the designs of a superior intelligence, so far as he has been pleased to indicate them, in their creation and destiny. Man is born to subjection. Not only during infancy is he dependant and under the control of others; at all ages, it is the very bias of his nature, that the strong and the wise should control the weak and the ignorant. So it has been since the days of Nimrod. The existence of some form of Slavery in all ages and countries, is proof enough of this. He is born to subjection as he is born in sin and ignorance. To make any considerable progress in knowledge, the continued efforts

of successive generations, and the diligent training and unwearied exertions of the individual are requisite. To make progress in moral virtue, not less time and effort, aided by superior help, are necessary; and it is only by the matured exercise of his knowledge and his virtue, that he can attain to civil freedom. Of all things, the existence of civil liberty is most the result of artificial institution. The proclivity of the natural man is to domineer or to be subservient. A noble result indeed, but in the attaining of which, as in the instances of knowledge and virtue, the Creator, for his own purposes, has set a limit beyond which he we cannot go.

But he who is most advanced in knowledge, is most sensible of his own ignorance, and how much must forever be unknown to man in his present condition. As I have heard it expressed, the further you extend the circle of light, the wider is the horizon of darkness. He who has made the greatest progress in moral purity, is most sensible of the depravity, not only of the world around him, but of his own heart and the imperfection of his best motives, and this he knows that men must feel and lament so long as they continue men. So when the greatest progress in civil liberty has been made, the enlightened lover of liberty will know that there must remain much inequality, much injustice, much *Slavery*, which no human wisdom or virtue will ever be able wholly to prevent or redress. As I have before had the honor to say to this Society, the condition of our whole existence is but to struggle with evils—to compare them—to choose between them, and so far as we can, to mitigate them. To say that there is evil in any institution, is only to say that it is human.

And can we doubt but that this long discipline and laborious process, by which men are required to work out the elevation and improvement of their individual nature and their social condition, is imposed for a great and benevolent end? Our faculties are not adequate to the solution of the mystery, why it should be so; but the truth is clear, that the world was not intended for the seat of universal knowledge or goodness or happiness or freedom.

Man has been endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. What is meant by the *inalienable* right of liberty? Has any one who has used the words ever asked himself this question? Does it mean that a man has no right to alienate his own liberty—to sell himself and his posterity for slaves? This would seem to be the more obvious meaning. When the word *right* is used, it has reference to some law which sanctions it, and would be violated by its invasion. It must refer either to the general law of morality or the law of the country—the law of God or the law of man. If the law of any country permitted it, it would of course be absurd to say that the law of that country was violated by such alienation. If it have any meaning in this respect, it must mean that though the law of the country permitted it, the man would be guilty of an immoral act who should thus alienate his liberty. A fit question for schoolmen to discuss, and the consequences resulting from its decision as important as from any of

theirs. Yet who will say that the man pressed by famine and in prospect of death, would be criminal for such an act? Self-preservation as is truly said, is the first law of nature. High and peculiar characters, by elaborate cultivation, may be taught to prefer death to Slavery, but it would be folly to prescribe this as a duty to the mass of mankind.

If any rational meaning can be attributed to the sentence I have quoted, it is this:—That the society, or the individuals who exercise the powers of government, are guilty of a violation of the law of God or of morality, when by any law or public act, they deprive men of life or liberty, or restrain them in the pursuit of happiness. Yet every government does, and of necessity must, deprive men of life and liberty for offences against society. Restrain them in the pursuit of happiness! Why all the laws of society are intended for nothing else but to restrain men from the pursuit of happiness, according to their own ideas of happiness or advantage—which the phrase must mean if it means any thing. And by what right does society punish by the loss of life or liberty? Not on account of the moral guilt of the criminal—not by impiously and arrogantly assuming the prerogative of the Almighty, to dispense justice or suffering, according to moral desert. It is for its own protection—it is the right of self-defence. If there existed the blackest moral turpitude, which by its example or consequences, could be of no evil to society, government would have nothing to do with that. If an action, the most harmless in its moral character, could be dangerous to the security of society, society would have the perfect right to punish it. If the possession of a black skin would be otherwise dangerous to society, society has the same right to protect itself by disfranchising the possessor of civil privileges, and to continue the disability to his posterity, if the same danger would be incurred by its removal. Society inflicts these forfeitures for the security of the lives of its members; it inflicts them for the security of their property, the great essential of civilization; it inflicts them also for the protection of its political institutions; the forcible attempt to overturn which, has always been justly regarded as the greatest crime; and who has questioned its right so to inflict? “Man cannot have property in man”—a phrase as full of meaning as, “who slays fat oxen should himself be fat.” Certainly he may, if the laws of society allow it, and if it be on sufficient grounds, neither he nor society do wrong.

And is it by this—as we must call it, however recommended to our higher feelings by its associations—well-sounding, but unmeaning verbiage of natural equality and inalienable rights, that our lives are to be put in jeopardy, our property destroyed, and our political institutions overturned or endangered? If a people had on its borders a tribe of barbarians, whom no treaties or faith could bind, and by whose attacks they were constantly endangered, against whom they could devise no security, but that they should be exterminated or enslaved; would they not have the right to enslave them, and keep them in slavery so long as the same danger would be incurred by their manumission?

If a civilized man and a savage were by chance placed together on a desolate island, and the former, by the superior power of civilization, would reduce the latter to subjection, would he not have the same right? Would this not be the strictest self-defence? I do not now consider, how far we can make out a similar case to justify our enslaving of the negroes. I speak to those who contend for inalienable rights, and that the existence of slavery always, and under all circumstances, involves injustice and crime.

As I have said, we acknowledge the existence of a moral law. It is not necessary for us to resort to the theory which resolves all right into force. The existence of such a law is imprinted on the hearts of all human beings. But though its existence be acknowledged, the mind of man has hitherto been tasked in vain to discover an unerring standard of morality. It is a common and undoubted maxim of morality, that you shall not do evil that good may come. You shall not do injustice or commit an invasion of the rights of others, for the sake of a greater ulterior good. But what is injustice, and what are the rights of others? And why are we not to commit the one or invade the others? It is because it inflicts pain or suffering, present or prospective, or cuts them off from enjoyment which they might otherwise attain. The Creator has sufficiently revealed to us that *happiness* is the great end of existence, the sole object of all animated and sentient beings. To this he has directed their aspirations and efforts, and we feel that we thwart his benevolent purposes when we destroy or impede that happiness. This is the only *natural* right of man. All other rights result from the conventions of society, and these, to be sure, we are not to invade, whatever good may appear to us likely to follow. Yet are we in no instance to inflict pain or suffering, or disturb enjoyment for the sake of producing a greater good? Is the madman not to be restrained who would bring destruction on himself or others? Is pain not to be inflicted on the child, when it is the only means by which he can be effectually instructed to provide for his own future happiness? Is the surgeon guilty of wrong who amputates a limb to preserve life? Is it not the object of a'l penal legislation, to inflict suffering for the sake of greater good to be secured to society?

By what right is it that man exercises dominion over the beasts of the field; subdues them to painful labour, or deprives them of life for his sustenance or enjoyment? They are not rational beings. No, but they are the creatures of God, sentient beings, capable of suffering and enjoyment, and entitled to enjoy according to the measure of their capacities. Does not the voice of nature inform every one, that he is guilty of wrong when he inflicts on them pain without necessity or object? If their existence be limited to the present life, it affords the stronger argument for affording them the brief enjoyment of which it is capable. It is because the greater good is effected; not only to man but to the inferior animals themselves. The care of man gives the boon of existence to myriads who would never otherwise have enjoyed it, and the enjoyment of their existence is better

provided for while it lasts. It belongs to the being of superior faculties to judge of the relations which shall subsist between himself and inferior animals, and the use he shall make of them; and he may justly consider himself, who has the greater capacity of enjoyment, in the first instance. Yet he must do this conscientiously, and no doubt, moral guilt has been incurred by the infliction of pain on these animals, with no adequate benefit to be expected. I do no disparagement to the dignity of human nature, even in its humblest form, when I say that on the very same foundation, with the difference only of circumstance and degree, rests the right of the civilized and cultivated man, over the savage and ignorant. It is the order of nature and of God, that the being of superior faculties and knowledge, and therefore of superior power, should control and dispose of those who are inferior. It is as much in the order of nature, that men should enslave each other, as that other animals should prey upon each other. I admit that he does this under the highest moral responsibility, and is most guilty if he wantonly inflicts misery or privation on beings more capable of enjoyment or suffering than brutes, without necessity or any view to the greater good which is to result. If we conceive of society existing without government, and that one man by his superior strength, courage or wisdom, could obtain the mastery of his fellows, he would have a perfect right to do so. He would be morally responsible for the use of his power, and guilty if he failed to direct them so as to promote their happiness as well as his own. Moralists have denounced the injustice and cruelty which have been practiced towards our aboriginal Indians, by which they have been driven from their native seats and exterminated, and no doubt with much justice. No doubt, much fraud and injustice has been practised in the circumstances and the manner of their removal. Yet who has contended that civilized man had no moral right to possess himself of the country? That he was bound to leave this wide and fertile continent, which is capable of sustaining uncounted myriads of a civilized race, to a few roving and ignorant barbarians? Yet if any thing is certain, it is certain that there were no means by which he could possess the country, without exterminating or enslaving them. Savage and civilized man cannot live together, and the savage can only be tamed by being enslaved or by having slaves. By enslaving alone could he have preserved them.* And who shall take upon himself to decide that the more benevolent course and more pleasing to God, was pursued towards them, or that it would not have been better that they had been enslaved generally, as they were in particular instances? It is a refined philosophy, and utterly false in its application to general nature, or the mass of human kind, which teaches that existence is not the greatest of all boons, and worthy of being preserved even under the most adverse circumstances. The strongest instinct of all animated beings sufficiently proclaims this. When the last red man shall have vanished from our forests, the sole remaining

* I refer to President Dew on this subject.

traces of his blood will be found among our enslaved population.* The African slave trade has given, and will give the boon of existence to millions and millions in our country, who would otherwise never have enjoyed it, and the enjoyment of their existence is better provided for while it lasts. Or if, for the rights of man over inferior animals, we are referred to revelation, which pronounces—"ye shall have dominion over the beasts of the field, and over the fowls of the air," we refer to the same which declares not the less explicitly—

"Both the bondmen and bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are among you. Of them shall you buy bondmen and bondmaids."

"Moreover of the children of strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begot in your land, and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them by possession. They shall be your bondmen forever."

In moral investigations, ambiguity is often occasioned by confounding the intrinsic nature of an action, as determined by its consequence, with the motives of the actor, involving moral guilt or innocence. If poison be given with a view to destroy another, and it cures him of disease, the poisoner is guilty, but the act is beneficent in its results. If medicine be given with a view to heal, and it happens to kill, he who administered it is innocent, but the act is a noxious one. If they who begun and prosecuted the slave trade, practised horrible cruelties and inflicted much suffering—as no doubt they did, though these have been much exaggerated—for merely selfish purposes, and with no view to future good, they were morally most guilty. So far as unnecessary cruelty was practised, the motive and the act were alike bad. But if we could be sure that the entire effect of the trade has been to produce more happiness than would otherwise have existed, we must pronounce it good, and that it has happened in the ordering of God's providence, to whom evil cannot be imputed. Moral guilt has not been imputed to Las Casas, and if the importation of African slaves into America, had the effect of preventing more suffering than it inflicted, it was good, both in the motive and the result. I freely admit that, it is hardly possible to justify morally, those who begun and carried on the slave trade. No speculation of future good to be brought about could compensate the enormous amount of evil it occasioned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* It is not uncommon, especially in Charleston, to see slaves, after many descents and having mingled their blood with the Africans, possessing Indian hair and features.

EDITOR'S PORT FOLIO.

EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.

It is customary for Editors in transferring their works to other hands, to take a formal leave of their patrons and the public. I regret that this is a mere matter of form, and cannot well be otherwise. I could wish that such leaves taking partook more of the character of the salutations of intimate friends upon the eve of their separation from each other. There are bonds of intimacy existing between the Editor and the public of a pleasing kind, created by a desire, on the part of the former, to meet general expectation, and, on the part of the latter, to approve of labors intended for their gratification and advantage. I wish it were in my power to return my thanks to you in person for the uniform kindness and indulgence which have been extended to my imperfect efforts. It has been my ambition at least, to advance the interests of Southern literature. How far I have succeeded in this object by bringing to bear upon it my own personal exertions, and those of men of taste and liberal education in this community, it does not become me to say. It is impossible for an Editor of a literary magazine to please all readers. Some object to articles as too light, others complain of them as too heavy. If the writer attempts to cater for what is called the general reader, he may have to quarrel with the critic, who demands scholastic and learned disquisitions. Ladies may object that fictions, and fashions, and poetry, and the customs of society, are too much overlooked. Gentlemen, particularly at the South, call for pieces that contain a sprinkling of politics, forgetting that politics is essentially debateable ground, and that what will delight one individual will often greatly exasperate another. Some persons are dull and wish to be amused. He who delights their fancy, or awakens their interest, by a tale of fictitious passions, is the writer for them; while the religious reader turns aside from such ideal sources of enjoyment, as unsatisfying and worthless. Youth and age; the sedate and the fashionable; the professional man, and the man of opulence and leisure, require different kinds of literary nutriment. The same individual is not always equally in the humor to be pleased with the same good things, as a man with a toothache will turn aside from a choice delicacy which, on ordinary occasions, would afford a keen stimulus to his appetite. Is not the task then of him who writes for the edification and pleasure of a large number of readers of different tastes and education, somewhat perplexing? It is, and it requires no little tact to accomplish it so as to satisfy all parties and persons.

The question will be asked, why does the Editor withdraw from a work established by his exertions, at no small expence of time and labor? My answer is, private considerations have led to this step, which if known would be satisfactory to you, but with which it is not necessary to trouble you at this time. I am unwilling that a work commenced under such favorable auspices and sustained by so generous a patronage,—that a work so much needed at the South, and towards which I felt so sincere an attachment, being, in a certain sort, my own bantling,—should not, in process of time, grow into a sturdy and flourishing manhood, and acquire increased respect and influence. I have not abandoned my offspring, but have only sent it from home, lest it should be spoiled by too much petting, and for the benefit of better training. In placing the work in abler hands, under the control of a gentleman of taste and letters, well and generally known, I have done all, I imagine, that the public has a right to demand of me. I only solicit for that gentleman the same friendly sentiments and generous confidence which I have myself received from your too great partiality. To the citizens of South-Carolina, I say, cherish your domestic literature. Elevate its character by all the means in your power. Foster the present effort to give to it dignity, stability and perma-

nence. To the citizens of the entire South and the South-West, I say, look to the interests of your section of the country. Develop your own resources, pursue your own policy, and maintain your peculiar institutions. The times are somewhat inauspicious. You will have to take your position, ere long, before the world. There is an appropriate organ through which you can boldly express opinions that should be extensively known and felt; and he who advances the cause of letters, be it remembered, promotes, at the same time, the best interests of his country and his race.

And now I tender to my respected patrons and the public generally my salutations, my thanks and my farewell. If in the management of this work hitherto, I have justly, but unintentionally, given offence to any by the severity of my criticism, or from any other cause whatever, I hope to receive a generous pardon for my errors.

D. K. WHITAKER.

SALUTATORY.

Good morrow, and if we be not too late with our compliments, a happy new year to thee, gentle reader! May'st thou live too see many pleasant returns of the season! May Time deal kindly with thee as he rolls his periods over thy head, and endow thee, after long and happy years, with the best of his blessings,—a green old age.

Although we would not be obtrusive, dear reader, we cannot but congratulate both thee and ourselves, upon the connexion that has been formed between us. Whether thou wilt look upon us in the same spirit of kindness we entertain towards thee, depends much, if not altogether, upon thy good taste and good temper. We have nothing like false modesty in our composition, and therefore do not scruple to say, that we love thee at first sight, and bespeak in return thy kindest regards. Do not think us cheap with our favors, for after all there are not many to whom we would say as much. Truth to tell, we are especially desirous of thy good will, and would most gladly buy of thee "*golden* opinions." Nor are we so selfish as might appear, for it is to the interest of us both, that we should come at once to a good understanding. We are like two travellers, setting out upon a journey that may last they know not how long, and may lead they cannot tell exactly whither. If we would get along smoothly, and enjoy the pleasure of each other's company and converse by the way, we must begin on the spot to cultivate the best and most accommodating dispositions in the world. We must agree to indulge each other's frailties, and to give way occasionally to each other's humors. It cannot be denied that *we* have our faults, and think not *thou* art exempt from the infirmities of thy kind. But enough—we are treading on dangerous ground; it would be neither wise nor gracious in us to expose our own weaknesses, or to offend the self-love of those we would conciliate.

But suffer us, before we take our leave, dear reader, to whisper a hint or two in thy private ear, and receive them in the same spirit of kindness that they are given. Be not in thy intercourse with us, as some readers are, peevish, querulous and exacting; over-nice in thy taste, and over-scrupulous in thy judgment. If we sometimes give thee solids instead of dainties and luxuries, it is because too much indulgence in these last may hurt thy constitution, and destroy thy relish for more wholesome food. Bear in mind that we have various palates to cater for, and that our bill of fare cannot be made up with a view to thy taste alone. There are others beside thyself to sit down at the ordinary; and the dish at which thou dost turn up thy nose so superciliously, may make some more homely and less fastidious neighbor smack his lips in very extacy.

And now, kind reader, we offer thee our hand in token of amity and love. It is our dearest wish, that nothing may occur to interrupt the reciprocation of good feeling between us, and that the next year may find us, if possible, firmer and faster friends than the present.

THE DRAMA.

OUR NEW THEATRE was opened on the night of the 15th December last. "The Honey Moon" was played to a large and highly gratified audience. We greet the return of the Muses, after so long an estrangement, to their old haunts, and welcome them to the new and beautiful temple that has been reared for their reception. May they bring taste, refinement and good morals in their train!

The Theatre does great credit to the enterprise of the stockholders, and to the architectural taste of Mr. Reichardt, who designed it. The interior is constructed with a view both to comfort and the display of the dress circle; and the decorations, although yet unfinished, are in a style of chaste and elegant simplicity. The division of the parquet, into separate seats is an admirable arrangement. Apart from the comfort of the thing, one feels a sense of his own importance, as he takes possession of his arm-chair, and disposes himself for a critical survey of the attractions of the boxes and the stage. We are inclined, however, to think, that the single chandelier, (rich and beautiful as it is,) with which the house is illuminated, does not throw light enough into the lower tier of boxes.

The experience and reputed good taste of Mr. Abbott, the lessee, raised high expectations, which, we are happy to say, have not been disappointed. He has thus far deserved, and we believe received, substantial tokens of approbation. His stock company is excellent, with some few exceptions.

Mr. Abbott himself is a very agreeable and spirited actor. His personations of "Modus" and the "Duke Aranza," were marked by good taste in conception, and ease and spirit, in execution. We are told that his Hamlet too was an excellent performance.—Miss Melton's vivacity and archness are truly delightful. We admire her particularly in Helen. We can picture to ourselves even now the look and tone of half-vexation, half-raillery, with which she says, "Cousin, thou hast *need* to study Ovid's Art of Love!" It is true the poet has rather over-done this part, but we have no fault to find with Miss Melton's execution of it.—Much praise is due to Mr. Jamieson for the industry with which he has prepared himself for several new parts since his arrival here. He is an actor of much merit, and of more promise. His attitudes and movements are wanting in grace. A little study and care may effect much—"A word to the wise," &c. &c. There are others whom we shall notice at another time.

Ellen Tree came upon us like a new and beautiful vision. We had not seen her equal before, and it may be long ere we look upon her like again. We regret that we cannot now analyze some of her personations. The flexible and varying expression of her face, the clear and melodious intonations of her voice, the dignity of her person and demeanor, her fine and cultivated taste, the delicacy of her conception, and the natural ease and propriety of her action, joined to many other graces that can be better felt than defined, render her a most charming and delightful actress. We admire her particularly in "The Wife" and "The Hunchback." We have no fault to find with her acting in "Ion," but we have with the play itself. The picturesqueness of the costume, and the novelty of its main action, lend it, in our opinion, nearly all the interest it has, as a dramatic performance. It is full of beautiful imagery we admit; but its poetry is the poetry of imagination, and not of the heart. It is not written in that universal language which finds an echo in every bosom. It is as chaste and beautiful, but as cold as moonlight.—We were very desirous of seeing Miss Tree in one of Shakespeare's tragedies, but no opportunity offered.

Thanks to our worthy manager; *Stars* are falling thick and fast around us. Cooper and his charming daughter! how bravely the "old Roman" treads the stage. What a vitality there is about him. After all, there is an exquisiteness in his conception, and a polish and refinement in his manner, that have been rarely equalled, and perhaps never surpassed. Miss Cooper is exceedingly interesting—

she has improved much in her acting since we last saw her. Her reading is chaste, and her manner natural and pleasing.

Miss Clifton for one night—the Barnes's to succeed Cooper—and Mr. Vandenhoff in early expectation! If the Theatre is not supported, it surely will not be for want of attractions.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES—has taken his final leave of the stage. His last appearance was at Liverpool, in his own new piece, "The Love Chase." He never rose to the first class of actors, nor is he to be regarded as a dramatist of the highest order. His plays, however, are very popular, and have possession of the modern stage. They are distinguished by vivacity, pathos, some power, and very considerable stage effect. If Sheridan Knowles is the best play writer of the day, it is because the drama does not now hold out adequate rewards either of honor or profit, to induce writers of first rate genius to enter the field of competition with him.

"The Love Chase" is favorably noticed by the English critics. It has a reason for its name, as it is founded on "a series of scenes and incidents which end in the marriage of three of the couples out of the pack engaged in the hunt." As it was received with immense applause on its first representation, its success may be regarded as settled, and we suppose it will not be long before the "*The Chase*" is taken up on this side of the water.

MISS MARTINEAU ON SLAVERY.—The November Number of the "Southern Literary Messenger" contains an article on Miss Martineau's "Society in America," written with much vigor of style, and with a candor of spirit and fulness of information that entitle it to a high degree of consideration. It throws out, and defends ably many new and original views on the subject of domestic slavery. The writer has evidently given much reflection to the subject, and has addressed himself with all the earnestness that belongs to a conviction of right, to the task of exposing the errors of fact and opinion, as well as the misrepresentations and calumnies of the lady with the *Trumpet*. The article has been attributed, and we believe justly, to Wm. Gilmore Simms, Esq. We understand it will be published in pamphlet form, when it will give us pleasure to notice it more particularly, not only because of its merits as a critical paper, but because we look upon it as an able and masterly vindication of the peculiar policy of the South, with especial reference to our own State.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN MATRON, BY CAROLINE GILMAN,—AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF A NEW-ENGLAND HOUSEKEEPER." HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW-YORK, 1838.

We know not how to play the critic with this delightful volume. As Voltaire criticised one of the dramas of the greatest dramatist of his country, and could only exclaim as he went along, "*pulchre, pulchre*," so we feel no inclination to analyze, but are content with the ejaculation, "*beautiful, beautiful*." If we thought it necessary to provoke the public to read it, we would take pleasure in giving it an extended notice, and furnishing choice extracts—but the name of the gifted authoress, and the "home" character its of theme, will ensure it an universal perusal, as a matter of course. It is written with such freshness of spirit, and is pervaded by so true and cheerful a tone of feeling, that we commend it to the public, not only as a work of amusing interest, but as furnishing wholesome moral aliment—the heart is elevated and softened, whilst the imagination is taken cap-

tive and charmed. As is said by gay bachelors round the festive board—after a good song has been sung—Mrs. Gilman, by this fascinating work, has certainly brought the public in her debt, and has achieved for herself, the right of a peremptory “call” upon one of her gifted brethren, Kennedy, Cooper, or Simms, for some kindred work to bear it company.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF BEAUFORT, AT THE REQUEST OF THE BEAUFORT VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY, ON THE 4TH OF JULY, 1837. BY EDMUND RHETT.

We have a sort of horror of 4th of July Orations. The generality of them are so devoid of every thing like style and argument, and so full of bombastic declamation, that we think they might well be described as things “full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.” From no other source, perhaps, could such a farrago of folly and nonsense be gathered, as from a collection of these same outpourings of youthful genius and patriotism. What a literary *thesaurus* would such a collection be.

From Mr. Rhett we expected something of a different character—nor have we been disappointed. His discourse—he did well not to call it an *oration*—bears the marks of a thinking and cultivated mind. There is nothing of clap-trap oratory about it. Instead of ranting about the achievements of our fathers, as if all the merit of them belonged to us, or indulging in fanciful visions of the destined glory of our country, he calls our attention to the *temper and spirit of the times*, discusses the truth of some of those maxims that we have hitherto so unwisely taken upon trust, and arouses us to a sense of the danger that is gathering around us. His argument in defence of our social organization, and in refutation of the alleged injustice and immorality of domestic slavery, is deserving of especial consideration. It is developed with much ability both as regards style and reasoning.

We should be happy to make some extracts from this Discourse, did our limits permit. We beg leave, however, to offer our sincere congratulations to the author, and to commend it to the careful perusal of all who have access to it.

SIDNEY'S LETTERS TO DR. CHANNING, ON THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS TO THE UNITED STATES.

REMARKS ON DR. CHANNING'S “SLAVERY.” BY A CITIZEN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The people of the South owe much to the talented author of the “Letters.” Averse as we have been to a discussion of the subject of domestic Slavery, because the right to discuss involves the right to decide, still we are glad that the letters of Dr. Channing have provoked a reply—superior in every respect to the unholy calumnies which it so signally exposes. The wild and irrational declamation of Dr. Channing is met with arguments drawn from Revelation. And some lights have been cast upon the subject of slavery at the South, gratifying to us, and something the reverse of this, to the mad reformers who are kindling an unholy, and most destructive moral conflagration.

In these letters, the mask of religion has been torn from the faces of those who have been leading the people forth to murder, with the prayer of peace upon their lips. The ignorance of those who pretend to a holy mission in this new crusade is clearly exposed. And the institution of slavery as it exists at the South is proved fully capable of a successful defence—not only as a political, but a religious institution.

The style too of the Letters is throughout good. Occasionally we meet with some stiffness—a rigidity of expression—but not so great as to mar the harmony

of the composition, and in no degree abating the interest so well diffused throughout the whole series.

The second title is that of a pamphlet published in Boston—and is to us interesting not only because it is a bold refutation of the absurd charges contained in the work to which it is an answer—but is rendered peculiarly interesting to us, because it is a high tribute to the correctness of the opinions entertained at the South upon the subject. It is from the pen of one of the most distinguished men in Massachusetts—of a man who has in this instance disdained to bend to the footstool of a false God. He has sounded a knell which must awake the people of the East to the delusion which is fast spreading over their land, and deadening the fine sensibility of their nature. The warning may be unheard; and too late it may be discovered, that no sacrifice can appease, where the incense rises from an altar polluted with gore. Of that, however, at another time. In the meanwhile we commend these productions to our friends.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE SOUTH-CAROLINA ACADEMY OF ART AND DESIGN has been regularly organized and incorporated by act of the Legislature. The objects contemplated by this Association are stated in the article on the FINE ARTS AT HOME. We call upon our citizens to give their countenance and support to an institution, intended and calculated to minister to their innocent enjoyment, and to promote the humanities and comforts of social life. The ladies, too, may render it good service, by their smiles of encouragement, and by active exertions in its behalf.

We understand that a poem by the Hon. R. M. Charlton, of Savannah, and an oration by John M. Stuart, Esq., of this city, will be delivered, on the occasion of its anniversary, some time in the month of February. This compliment to a sister State, in the person of one of her distinguished sons, is in good taste, and cannot fail of promoting that kind and neighborly feeling, which is so highly desirable.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL,

A N D

MAGAZINE OF ARTS.

B. R. CARROLL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ASSISTED BY SEVERAL LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

IT HAS been determined to resume the publication of the SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL, from a conviction very generally felt and expressed, that the South stands at this time in peculiar need of such a periodical. The project for reviving the Southern Review seems to have been relinquished; and while the Northern and Middle States have perhaps twenty magazines, we can count but two besides our own, in the whole range of country South of the Potomac. Such a contrast is disadvantageous and disparaging to our Literary character; and is certainly not warranted by the comparative taste, talent and wealth of the two sections of the Union. Why should the South distrust herself when the genius of her sons is finding encouragement, and achieving triumphs abroad; and why should she suffer her own literary enterprises to languish and fail for want of timely aid, at the very time she is bestowing a liberal, and in many cases, a well deserved patronage on those of other parts of the country? It is full time that she should learn to be just and true to herself, as well as generous to others.

Besides, our peculiar policy renders it highly desirable, if not necessary, that we should possess an organ to which we may entrust the interpretation and defence of our domestic institutions, and upon which we may be able at all times to rely, as identified with us in feeling, principle and interest. If the people of the South would begin to think, write, print and publish for themselves, they would not only furnish opportunity for the developement of our native mind and material, but provide themselves ampler security against the propagation of writings and doctrines destructive of their dearest interests.

It is with a view, therefore, to encourage a *home policy*, to raise the standard of our literary character, and to call out the intellectual resources of our region, that this periodical has been revived.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL AND MAGAZINE OF ARTS is a monthly periodical devoted chiefly to miscellaneous literature.

It will contain SELECT POETRY, ESSAYS AND TALES.

SKETCHES, HISTORICAL AND FANCIFUL, illustrative of character, or descriptive of scenery, incidents and adventure.

REVIEWS AND CRITICAL NOTICES of the publications of the day.

GENERAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, foreign and domestic.

OCCASIONAL SPECULATIONS on topics of general interest, and on subjects falling properly within the range of philosophy and science.

Due attention will be paid to the DRAMA AND THE FINE ARTS.

The Editor has secured such literary co-operation, as he thinks, will enable him to give interest and variety to his pages, and entitle him to the support of his fellow-citizens.

CONDITIONS.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL will be published in monthly numbers, (to be issued on the 15th day of each month,) of at least Eighty pages each, on the best of paper, and neatly printed, at Five Dollars per annum, *always* payable in advance.

☞ The postage of this Magazine, containing four sheets, is 6 cents; over 100 miles 10 cents.